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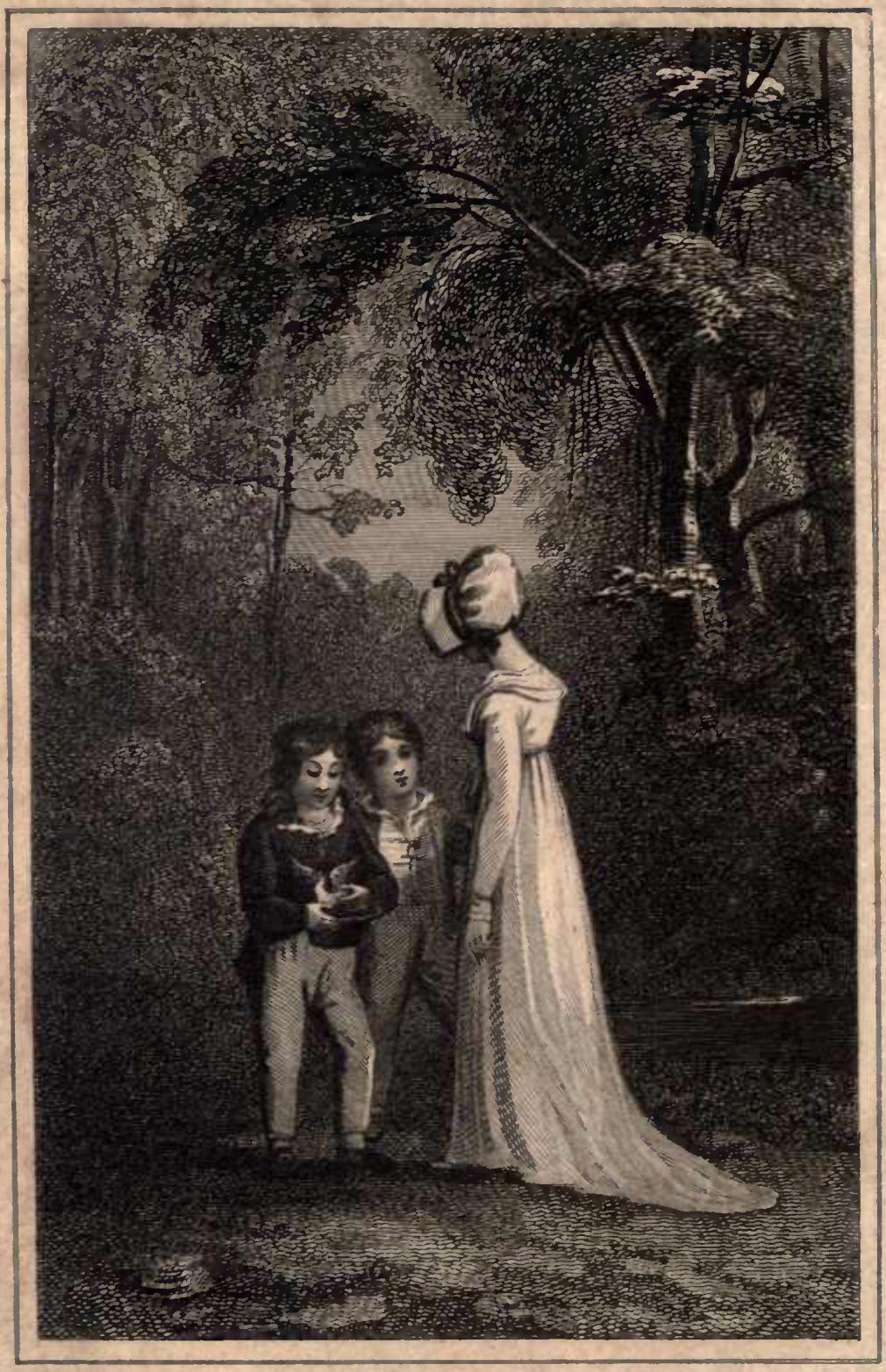

Maria, in one of her walks, met two little boys carrying a young robin &c.

See page 61.

UTILITY;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIMPLE PLEASURES," THE "YOUNG BOTANISTS," &c.

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1815.

TO

M. E. & M.

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY

OF

ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

UTILITY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

"She then, with mingling hopes and rising fears,
Sigh'd for the fortune of your future years."

MRS. ORME was a young widow of small fortune, who resided at a pleasant country town, about twenty miles from London. She had suffered deeply from the loss of her husband, whose sentiments and inclinations corresponded with her own; and for whom she entertained an affection, that his virtues had inspired and merited. When the tomb closed upon this object of faithful attachment, Mrs. Orme found that the world was become a blank. She regretted that she was still young, and, in the first moments of her affliction,

secretly wished that the same grave had received her.

Reflection and principle silenced the impatient wish. Her mind possessed too much energy to permit despair. Religion bade her look "for worlds beyond the grave." Reason suggested the necessity of exertion, ere the talents that she had cultivated so successfully, should be injured by disuse, and thus render her unable to benefit her friends, who sympathized in her distress, and admired the fortitude of her mind.

Mr. Orme had been a surgeon by profession, much respected at W——— and its neighbourhood, for his humanity and skill. He possessed an extensive knowledge of general literature, and was well acquainted with the various branches of natural philosophy. With a companion thus qualified, Mrs. Orme increased her own store of information—she anticipated many years of comfort and content. Satisfied with the portion of worldly good that they enjoyed, she sought only the continuance of it.

The severe stroke that closed these fair and unambitious prospects, was still felt acutely, when a distant relation of Mr. Orme's died suddenly, leaving four children to the care of a thoughtless and dissolute father. The inter-

course between the families had been slight; but the remembrance that Mrs. Hanway was related to her husband, added to her interest in the children's welfare, awoke Mrs. Orme's attention to the proceedings of their remaining parent.

She addressed a friendly letter to Mr. Hanway, expressive of her regret for the loss that his children had sustained, and inviting the younger ones to pass the summer with her. Mr. Hanway returned a short answer, accepting the invitation, and declaring his intention of leaving England to reside constantly in India, could he disburden himself of his children, in a manner suited to his wishes.

A ray of pleasure once more darted through the mind of Mrs. Orme, on reading this letter. "These children shall come hither!" she exclaimed: "such would have been my wish in happier days. I will endeavour, at least, to merit future bliss, if earthly joys are no more for me; and no service is of greater benefit to mankind, than to lead a human being to knowledge and virtue."

She departed for London immediately, in order to bring back her little guests; resolving, at the same time, to learn Mr. Hanway's intentions, and to make her proposals to him, if she perceived that it was practicable. Pleased with Mrs. Orme, he soon entered upon the sub-

ject; declared he would willingly settle a thousand pounds upon each of the children, and give the interest, till they became of age, to the person who would take the charge of them upon those terms. This information satisfied Mrs. Orme. Her own fortune was insufficient for the support of more than herself; it was therefore needful to secure some provision for the expences of a family. The property that would devolve to the children, she knew would amply preserve them from want; and, for herself, she sought no gratuity for performing her duty.

As these reflections passed in her mind, loud cries of, "you shan't have the doll—'tis mine—I will have it," proceeded from the hall; and the elder girls, the one eleven, and the other twelve years of age, burst into the room. Passion and ill-humour had distorted their faces: their dress was in disorder, and their whole exterior wore a very unpromising appearance. The nurse-maid, hearing the outcry, ran into the parlour, imperiously commanding them to be quiet. "Take these children away," said Mr. Hanway, angrily: "why are they not kept above stairs?" "Suffer them to remain a few minutes," interrupted Mrs. Orme: "I want also to see your other little girl, and her brother, who are

to be my guests." "Fetch Lucy and James," said Mr. Hanway, to the servant.

Anna and Sarah stood abashed: they hung down their heads, fearful of their father, and, at length, advanced awkwardly to Mrs. Orme, who, kindly pitying their confusion, offered to shake hands with them. "You shall be sent to boarding-school, I assure you," said Mr. Hanway: your mother is not here to indulge you now. Why don't you speak to that lady, when she condescends to notice you?" "Never mind," she replied, hurt at the sharpness of his manner to them, and drawing a chair that stood near; "sit down, you are warm with running about."

A little boy of seven years old, and a little girl a year older, then made their appearance, and were as kindly addressed; but they could not be persuaded to remain in the room, and their sisters, glad to make their escape, led them away.

Mrs. Orme remained silent and thoughtful. She foresaw that considerable reformation would be needful, in order to render the children desirable inmates of her dwelling; and she doubted her capacity for a task so arduous. "I think of leaving England in two months," said Mr. Hanway: "there is a school in L———shire, where the girls may be advantageously placed; and for James I can easily

provide near London." "And where will be their home?" she enquired. "They must stay at school during the holidays, to be sure," returned Mr. Hanway, "like many others. My agent will enquire occasionally concerning them." "Without father, mother, or a home!" Mrs. Orme mentally exclaimed: "left to the care of strangers, without even the pleasure of anticipating a temporary change; while I have leisure, and am situated, in many respects, favourably, for undertaking the charge of them! Surely, with patience and firmness, I might succeed." These reflections had their proper influence. Mrs. Orme decided immediately, and opened her proposal to Mr. Hanway. She described her mode of living; detailed her opinions concerning the method best suited for the education of young persons in general; and required nothing further than an uncontroulled power over the children.

An offer that was beyond Mr. Hanway's expectation, and suited to his secret wishes, required no consideration; he closed with Mrs. Orme's proposals, and, warmed to some degree of feeling, by the energy with which she had delineated the character of a well-educated child, brought up under the friendly or parental roof, he expressed his gratitude and his entire confidence in her character and principles.

Willing to observe the tempers of her young charge, Mrs. Orme complied with Mr. Hanway's request, that she would remain a few days at his house. James and Lucy easily grew familiar, allured by the kindness of her manner, which formed a striking contrast with the harshness and vulgarity of their nurse-maid. "Ann says we are to go home with you," said Lucy: "she told me that, to frighten me; but I am sure I shall be very glad to get away from her. Will you let us go, Ma'am?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Orme, "your father and I have agreed that you shall return and live with me. But my house is very different to this; it is much smaller, and, instead of that dull row of buildings opposite, I see a little grove from one of the windows; another opens to my flower-garden; and, from a third, I see my chickens pecking about the yard, or basking in the sun: for though I live in a town, it is much smaller than London; we are not annoyed by smoke, and I have chosen a house that stands quite at the entrance."

This description drew the attention of Anna and Sarah Hanway, whose bashfulness had not yet been removed, by the efforts that Mrs. Orme had made to render them more sociable with her. They were terrified at the thought of leaving London, for scenes of which they

could form no clear conception. Their only walks had been with the servant, through the park, the squares, or the streets of the metropolis. Their amusements consisted, chiefly, in playing with the toys that their mother's fondness had continually provided, or in gratifying their appetite with cakes and sweetmeats, the division of which frequently produced violent disputes. Anna and Sarah had attended a day-school in the neighbourhood, where they learned little, except to dislike instruction.

"Do you love flowers?" said Mrs. Orme to Sarah. "I don't know," was the only reply she could obtain. "You have not been to school lately," she then observed to Anna. "Oh, no; I hope we shall never go there again." "But we *shall*," returned Sarah, sharply contradicting her sister. "I believe you are mistaken, my dear," replied Mrs. Orme; "you will not attend any school while you remain with me." "Then I shall not be very sorry to leave London," exclaimed Anna: "I cannot bear to sit for a whole morning, poring over a book, or working with a needle; I like to walk through the streets, and look at the shops."

"And, if you were permitted, what would you choose to purchase." "Some of those smart hats, with feathers in them, and some

frocks trimmed with lace: then, at the jeweller's, I would buy necklaces and ear-rings. Oh! I wish we were out of mourning, that I might wear my last new necklace, that mamma gave me, it is so handsome." "It is wonderful," said Mrs. Orme, "how much skill and labour can effect, with the help of a little art and polishing. Stones and other substances that are dug from the earth, or are taken from the sea or from rivers, are thought fit ornaments for men and women!" "I never saw any ladies wear stones, I am certain," said Sarah, impertinently.

Mrs. O. Do not be too sure. There are stones found in the East Indies, whither your father is going, you know, with which any dutchess would be pleased to decorate herself. Nay, I am almost sure, that the very necklace your sister wore yesterday, is dug out of the earth, and is little better than the cannel coal, that your father put on the fire to-day, after dinner."

"La, Ma'am," exclaimed Anna, somewhat mortified to hear that her necklace was allied to the fuel in the stove, "how can you tell that?" "Fetch it, and I will unfold the secret." "But do you know the name of those stones?" asked Lucy. "Yes," replied Mrs. Orme: "go with Anna, and bring me a

little feather or a straw, and I will tell it you." These articles were speedily brought. James and Lucy, with curious and eager eyes, watched Mrs. Orme, who rubbed the necklace for a few minutes. "Now, lay that feather in your hand, Anna," said she, placing the necklace near to it. "Oh, see! the feather moves," cried James. "Now try with the straw," said Mrs. Orme: "you see it is influenced in the same manner. From this, together with its colour, I am able to decide that your necklace is made of jet, which is a bitumen, dug from the earth, and resembling cannel coal in colour and hardness." Anna looked rather disconcerted; she could not forget that her ornament was little better than coal. Mrs. Orme perceived her feelings, and, turning to Sarah, begged to know her reason for supposing that ladies never wear stones.

Sarah. I have no reason, Ma'am; only I think that stones are not pretty enough to be worn.

Mrs. O. What stones are you thinking about?

Sarah. Why, Ma'am, such as we see in the park, and the large ones in the streets. I don't know any other stones.

Mrs. O. Very likely *you* may not, my dear; but, another time, do not say you are certain of a thing, unless you have more proofs

than those you have just mentioned. The stones I have spoken of, as the most valuable ornaments, are no other than diamonds.

Sarah. Dear! who could have guessed that you meant diamonds.

Mrs. O. Yet it is very true, that diamonds, rubies, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, and many others, are found in the earth, and are called precious stones; more, I fancy, from their scarcity and high price, than from any valuable properties that they possess, excepting the diamond.

Lucy. I know what they use a diamond for.

Mrs. O. Let me hear.

Lucy. To cut glass with.

Mrs. O. You are very right, Lucy; and we ought to value the diamond on that account. But tell me, how do you know this?

Lucy. Because I saw the man draw a stick along some glass, when he came yesterday to mend the window; and when I asked why he did so, he said there was a diamond at the end, which cut the glass through.

Anna. Do you really never mean to send us to school again?

Mrs. O. Undoubtedly. I constantly mean what I say, therefore you may always believe me.

Sarah. Then we may play all day?

Mrs. O. If I were to consult what I know would make you happy, I should say, no; but, since you have a fancy that you will enjoy yourselves more according to your own plan, I consent to your pursuing it.

Anna. Don't you think it will make us happy?"

Mrs. O. No, indeed I do not; but you shall try, if you please, for I wish to see you happy.

The servant then came in to take the younger children to bed. James clung fast to Mrs. Orme's chair, and Lucy exclaimed, "I won't go." Afraid to use violence in the presence of a stranger, the maid had recourse to bribes. "There is some plum-cake in the nursery, for me and Lucy," said she: "James shall not have a morsel." This was a lure that poor James was unable to withstand: he ran to the maid, vociferating, "I will have some;" but Lucy remained unmoved. The servant attempted to lead her away. She still resisted, repeating, "I won't go with you, I say." "Why will you not, my dear," asked Mrs. Orme, who had kept silence. "Because she is a cheat," said Lucy, casting a look at the maid. "At what hour does this child go to rest?" asked the lady. "At eight o'clock, Ma'am." "You are before the time, considerably," replied Mrs. Orme: "return, if

you please, when the clock strikes." The servant left the room.

Mrs. O. You will be ready to go when Ann calls you, I hope, Lucy?

Lucy. If you will come with me. I know she will be very cross, and perhaps she will beat me.

Mrs. O. Why did you refuse to go at first?

Lucy. Because I like to stay with you. I don't like her; she is a cheat.

Sarah. And she will frighten James, to prevent him from crying, when he finds there is no cake for him.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Orme took Lucy up stairs. On entering the nursery, they found James eating sugar with his bread and butter, to alleviate the disappointment of the cake.

"There," exclaimed Lucy, "I knew you wanted to cheat us." "Hush," said Mrs. Orme, observing that the maid darted a look of fury at the child. "Lucy will sleep with me, Ann, to night," said she; "and as you have James to attend, I will take care of her; for I have nothing particular to do." In fact, this lady was eager to save the little girl from the severe castigation that she foresaw awaited her, while Lucy declared that she was like mamma.

Desirous of speedily removing the children from a situation that tended daily to injure them, Mrs. Orme hastened her departure; and, having finally arranged their pecuniary affairs with Mr. Hanway, she departed for W——.

CHAPTER II.

"——she will teach you, hand in hand to stray,
Through primrose-fields, and youth's delightful way."

THE following day was employed in making various arrangements. The children visited the garden with their kind hostess, and accompanied her in a walk into the town, apparently amused with the novelty of the scene. They retired to rest, contented with their situation, and impressed with respect for the friend who had taken them under her care.

The next morning proved that Mrs. Orme had some difficulties to encounter. When she arose, she awoke Anna and her sister, who expressed their disinclination to rise so soon. Having repeated her notice, and desired them to hasten, that they might be in readiness for breakfast, she went with James and Lucy into the garden, to draw some radishes.

"How warm the sun shines," said James; "and what a number of flies are humming about those flowers."

Mrs. O. Yes; this border is always warm early in the morning, at this time of the year.

James. Why not always?

Mrs. O. Because, at this hour, the sun is not risen in winter; and in summer, it is then shining further to the south.

Lucy. How can you tell which is the south?

Mrs. O. Stay till the clock strikes twelve, and I will teach you to ascertain the southern part of the sky.

They then returned to the house, and sat down to breakfast, much pleased to partake of the radishes which they had seen taken from the ground. The meal was nearly concluded before Anna and her sister made their appearance. "All the nice radishes are eaten," said James, as they entered the room. "And, as you have done breakfast," said Mrs. Orme, "go and amuse yourselves in the garden."

Sarah. I suppose we are to have some radishes, as well as James and Lucy.

Mrs. O. Not this morning. Had you complied with my desire, and been ready in proper time, you should have shared them; but I cannot allow the indolent and the industrious to fare alike: this would be unjust.

Anna. I shall not eat any breakfast, unless I have some radishes.

Mrs. O. You will do as you please in that

respect: I must leave you to eat by yourselves, for I have business in another part of the house.

Mrs. Orme then left the room, and Sarah proposed applying to the servant, in order to obtain their desire; but, to her great mortification, she found Mrs. Orme in the kitchen, who enquired for what she came. "Nothing," was the reply. "Indeed! that is a very strange reason: return and finish your breakfast."

Sarah. I don't choose any.

Mrs. O. Go then, Jane, and clear the table. I am going to walk out presently, Sarah, ask your sister if she will accompany us.

Sarah. We have had nothing to eat, Ma'am.

Mrs. O. You told me, just now, that you did not choose to eat.

Sarah. If we had the radishes—

Mrs. O. No more.—I have said that you will not partake of them.

Sarah. Then I do not want to walk; and I know Anna will be on my side.

Mrs. O. Leave the kitchen, my dear; Jane is busy: you are in the way.

Mrs. Orme followed her into the parlour, and proposed a walk to Anna, who refused likewise.

Mrs. O. James and Lucy, I am ready to

show the way to the farmer's house, whence the milk was brought that you thought so good. Take this little basket.

Lucy. I will carry it.

James. Let me.

Lucy, (pulling it away.) No; give it to me, I say.

Mrs. O. So then, Lucy, you prefer this little basket to your brother—your playfellow.

Lucy. No, but I don't.

Mrs. O. Any one would suppose so.

Lucy. How do you mean?

Mrs. O. You would rather carry the basket than oblige him: therefore, I am led to think, that you like it better than you do James, since the pleasure you receive is so great, that his wish is unheeded by you.

Lucy. Oh, he can carry it another time.

Mrs. O. So might you.

Lucy. I cannot spare it now, indeed; and I had it first.

Mrs. O. Well then, James, do not *force* your sister to give it up. Let us depart.

Mrs. Orme took a path that led through a meadow, then gay with spring flowers. "Oh, see!" exclaimed James, "what a quantity of yellow flowers. And here are some, white and purple.

Mrs. O. Look on this bank, here are

plants with a fine blue blossom. Ah! cowslips too, and primroses!

Lucy. I know primroses. Ann bought some once.

James. Come, Lucy, let us gather them. I like this field a great deal better than London streets; they are so smoky.

Mrs. O. I am very glad you are pleased, my dear. Spare me a few of your flowers, and I will sit down on that stile till you have filled your basket.

After rambling about some time over the meadow, the children returned to Mrs. Orme, exulting in the acquisition of various unknown beauties. They eagerly displayed the contents of the basket; in which were mingled the fine blue germander, and the purple orchis, contrasted with the pale yellow of the primrose, the golden ranunculus or crow-foot, the white cuckoo flower, and the drooping cowslip.

Mrs. O. Now a spray from this hawthorn bush, and your collection will be complete.

Lucy. Oh, here is a flower pulled to pieces. Why, Ma'am, did you tear this pretty primrose so?

Mrs. O. I wished to see the parts that are concealed.

James. Let me open one. Here are some little heads all over yellow dust: and see! this yellow part comes quite out of the green.

Mrs. O. That beautiful yellow part, as you call it, has a name.

Lucy. Tell it me, pray.

Mrs. O. It is called the corolla, or little crown.

James. Now the name of this green.

Mrs. O. Your green cup is called a calyx. Observe, the *corolla* is fixed in the *calyx*, and spreads its bright circle over it. Another time, I will tell you the name of these little yellow heads. Let us walk on.

James. Come here, Lucy; come very softly. Look under the bushes, there is a little bird, it goes so gently, I could catch it.

Lucy. I'll try.

Mrs. O. No, my dear, you must not.

Lucy. Why?

Mrs. O. Because you have no right to take that bird away from the bushes, where it always delights to live. That little bird finds its food in the hedges; it builds its nest among the branches. In summer we hear its sweet notes, as we walk in the country. Do you think it would be so happy, shut up in a narrow cage, accustomed, as it has been, to fly about in the open air, and choose its own habitation?

James. No; I am sure the bird *must* like best to be in the fields.

Lucy. We must not catch him.

Mrs. O. Neither this nor any other.

Lucy. But I should like to know its name, for it is a very pretty little creature.

Mrs. O. It is the wren: the smallest bird ever found in our country.

At length they reached the farm; and were invited, by the mistress of the house, to visit her dairy, and who replied, with much good nature, to the numerous questions that were asked. On their return, Mrs. Orme pointed out the cows quietly grazing, whose milk had given them an excellent meal. When they arrived at the stile, Mrs. Orme looked at the sun, then at her watch.

James. Why do you look up at the sun?

Mrs. O. I wish you to observe it also. It is now twelve o'clock, or the noon of day. At this hour the sun is always on that part of the sky called the south. After twelve, it is going towards a quarter called the west: the sun sets in the western part of the sky. In the evening we shall see it yonder, disappearing behind those trees.

James. How do you know that?

Mrs. O. Because I have seen it many times; and you may come hither and observe the same thing. Now jump down, and let us go home.

Lucy. I know we are walking to the south; but how can we tell the south early in

the morning, or at night, when only the stars are to be seen?

Mrs. O. Another time I will teach you: we are at our own gate now, and I must go and plant some lettuces, or we shall be without them in summer.

Lucy. I wish I had something to do also.

Mrs. O. This bed of young carrots requires weeding, but you are not able to distinguish a carrot from groundsel or chickweed; and here comes a little girl that I have engaged to clear it.

Lucy. What a shabby hat and frock she wears. I don't like her.

Mrs. O. (*to the little girl.*) Be careful, Peggy, how you weed the carrots, and I shall give you sixpence. Lucy, you are standing idle; bring me that watering pot.

Lucy. It is so heavy, I cannot lift it: nor James either.

Peggy. Shall I fetch it, Ma'am?

Mrs. O. If you please. And now I have finished, we will sit down in the arbour.

"That little girl," said she, "is but a few months older than you, Lucy, yet she can do much more. Did you not observe how easily she carried the watering-pot that you could scarcely lift; and see how quickly she removes the weeds: she knows the plants so well. At

night, she will carry the money I pay for her assistance, to her mother, who will buy bread with it. Now, I am afraid, that you and your sisters would go to rest hungry, if I did not provide some food for you, notwithstanding you wear clothes that look better than little Peggy's."

James. Let me learn to work in the garden too.

Mrs. O. I will give you a little garden: you shall have tools; and, when you want advice, you must ask me, or observe how I proceed in cultivating mine: or you may consult my book of directions, that you saw me reading this morning.

Lucy. I do not like to read.

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Anna and Sarah, who had found it prudent to forego their intention of fasting till dinner, and had been sauntering about the house and garden during Mrs. Orme's absence. James eagerly related what he had seen, and exhibited the flowers.

Anna. I wish I had gone also.

Mrs. O. So do I; for you would have been gratified, I dare say, with walking in the meadow whence these flowers came.

Anna. I shall go to-morrow.

Mrs. O. *Perhaps*, my dear. I may not

have occasion to walk thither again very soon; and you can hardly suppose, that, to oblige you, I shall put myself to any inconvenience, while you disregard my wishes, and will not comply with the customs of my family. I must leave you now. Remember to hasten into the parlour when the dinner-bell rings.

CHAPTER III.

"Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne."

IN the afternoon the children assembled round the tea-table, which Mrs. Orme had placed near a window. The sun was declining towards the west, and its beams fell full upon Lucy's face, as she sat beside her kind instructress.

Mrs. O. Draw down the blind a little, Anna. We must sit by the southern window of an afternoon.

James. The sun did not shine upon Lucy this morning, though she sat in the same place.

Mrs. O. Very true; for the sun was at that time in a different part of the sky.

James. I know where. It was in the south.

Mrs. O. That cannot be. At twelve o'clock to day, we saw the sun exactly south. Had we been in this room, you would have perceived it shine in at that window on your right hand. But, at our breakfast time, this room is not enlivened by the sun, for it is then behind the house.

Lucy. Where do you see the sun in the morning?

Mrs. O. In the east. It rises continually higher in the sky, till noon or twelve o'clock, when it is full south; after that hour, it sinks gradually, and disappears in the west. Anna, did you never watch the setting sun?

Anna. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. O. My dear child, you have lived twelve years, without beholding one of the most magnificent sights in the world!

Sarah. But we have seen the wild beasts in the Tower, and we went twice to the play, with mamma.

Anna. And once I went down the river, with some company, to Greenwich.

Mrs. O. I was of that company, although you were too young to retain any remembrance of me, an entire stranger. I then witnessed, in great perfection, the magnificent sight which I have just mentioned. You love fine colours. What delight the colouring of the clouds would have afforded you. Above us were in-

numerable little clouds, tinged with red of a brilliant hue; those of a larger size were of a deep purple, skirted with a border of gold, and broken into a variety of forms. When the sun vanished from our sight, a sky of the finest blue still delighted my eyes; and, as it became darker, stars of a brighter, purer gold, than ever man can polish, called forth the admiration of several persons in the company.

Lucy. Shall we see the sun set this afternoon?

Mrs. O. If you wish it, I will walk with you to a spot where you may obtain a good view. An hour hence we will go thither.

Lucy. You promised to teach us how we might know the south at night.

Mrs. O. With three principal parts of the sky you are already acquainted. In which of them does the sun rise?

Lucy. In the east, behind the house.

Mrs. O. Where do we see the sun at noon?

James. In the south.

Mrs. O. The point immediately opposite to the south is called the north. There is a star that appears constantly in the northern part of the heavens. Upon seeing this remarkable star, we are certain that we look towards the north; now as the north and south points are

directly opposite to each other, when you front the north, the south is always behind you.

James. But the stars do not always shine at night.

Mrs. O. Bring me that box, Anna, which stands near you. Open it.

Anna. Here is a piece of iron that moves about.

Mrs. O. Turn that point to the west.

Lucy. I cannot keep it that way.

James. Let me turn it to the east, where the sun rises, perhaps it will fix there.

Lucy. It does.

Mrs. O. If the iron remains steady, I can pronounce, without raising my eyes from my work, that you are wrong. Are you not standing with your back to the southern window.

Lucy. Oh, the iron points to the north; to the place where we may find the star!

Mrs. O. In the darkest nights of winter, if a person is travelling through a thick forest, or over wide heaths, this little piece of iron would direct him on his way. Even on ship-board, when the sailors have lost sight of land, and are crossing the vast ocean, this iron is their unerring guide in ascertaining the north. In all countries, and at all times, it constantly fixes in the position you perceive.

Anna. It does not look very remarkable: it is rather an ugly thing.

Mrs. O. This has been many years in my possession, and is one among many proofs, that fine and costly articles are far from being the most useful to us. This ugly thing is called the magnetic needle. It has the extraordinary property of presenting its two points north and south. The circle round it is the compass that indicates the different points of the sky; for they are thirty-two in number: those we have been endeavouring to ascertain, are the four principal ones.

Anna. Why do you call it a needle.

Mrs. O. The book that lies on that table will explain the whole to you.

Anna. Oh, I don't want much to know, if I must read about it.

Mrs. O. How, think you, did I obtain the information, or in what manner can I now acquire knowledge upon any subject? I have no one to instruct me.

Lucy. You read, I know, for there is a great number of books on those shelves.

Mrs. O. You are right, Lucy. To those volumes I am indebted for the greater part of the knowledge I possess; and it is in the power of you all to make a similar acquisition.

Lucy. I should be very glad to read, but the words are so hard and long.

Mrs. O. There are many books that are void of these terrible qualities. Suppose I shew you one; will you try to read a page.

Lucy. Oh, yes, I will.

Mrs. Orme took down a volume of the "Children's Friend," and having chosen a story suited to the little girl's capacity, she placed her on a chair beside her, while James stood by, earnestly attentive. Before Lucy grew weary, Mrs. Orme closed the book, telling her she should continue the story to-morrow.

"I should like to read, also," said James: "may I?" "Certainly," replied Mrs. Orme; "you shall try the lesson that little Peggy read to me last Sunday."

With much assistance, James went through the following passages:

"The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey willow bends above the stream.

"The thistle is armed with sharp prickles; the mallow is soft and woolly.

"The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole: the oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the winter storm."

Mrs. O. Can you tell me what a fir is?

James. No.

Mrs. O. It is a tree that never loses its leaves. We will look for one. You know the daisy?

James. Oh, yes. I will gather some for you.

Mrs. O. There are more words in your lesson, with which you are unacquainted: we will take the book with us. It is time to go; we shall be too late to see the sun set.

Anna and Sarah, who had been silent during the greater part of the conversation, now looked wishfully at Mrs. Orme, as she prepared for her walk. The pleasure that the younger children had experienced, and the happiness they seemed to enjoy, excited a desire to join the party. But the ill-humour of the morning had not entirely subsided. To vex Mrs. Orme, they had refused to accompany her, expecting that she would entice them. Disappointed in this, they harboured a little resentment against that lady; humiliated, nevertheless, by the perfect indifference with which she received their refusal, and awed by the firmness of her manner.

"Won't you go?" said James, looking in at the window by which they sat; "pray do: I will gather some primroses to make a nosegay for you."

"Let us go," whispered Sarah to Anna, "I am tired of staying at home." Anna ran into the garden: Mrs. Orme had already reached the gate. "We should like to walk, Ma'am," said she, half ashamed. "Be quick then,"

replied Mrs. Orme; "I will wait here for you."

"What did she say?" asked Sarah: "did she speak cross?"

Anna. Oh no; Mrs. Orme only desired me to make haste. I will do as I am told another time, for I am quite uncomfortable when she speaks so grave to me.

Sarah. And I shall rise to-morrow in good time. Now we are ready to go.

Mrs. Orme led the children to an eminence, that afforded a view of the river, which ran through the town, together with a little village, half hidden by alders, that was situated on its banks. The low grounds were covered with herbage, and decked with the bright blossoms of the marsh marigold. The sun was then veiled by dark clouds, which they feared would prevent them from beholding a sight wholly new to them. "Do not be alarmed," said Mrs. Orme, "there is a gentle breeze from the west; observe, even now the cloud is parting."

Anna. Oh! it is gold-coloured at the edges. Now the sun will soon appear.

Sarah. There it is. Oh, how large! It seems sinking behind that hill.

Mrs. O. Now look at the clouds.

Lucy. There are some purple and gold: some are orange-colour and red.

Mrs. O. Look towards the sun.

James. Only half of it is to be seen. How fast it seems to move.

Mrs. O. Now there is but a golden curve: see, it is bright to the last.

Anna. Ah, it is quite gone. What a change! Whither are Sarah and Lucy running?"

Sarah, (*returning hastily.*) Oh, such a curious bird! I saw it fly into that little grove. Listen.

Mrs. O. The cuckoo. Is it not a remarkable note? Stand still; we shall hear him again. This is the first time I have heard the sound of his voice this year, for I was with your father in London when the stranger arrived.

Lucy. Does he not always live here?

Mrs. O. No; he seldom stays longer than eight or ten weeks. Now he sings again. He has flown further from us.

Sarah. The sound is quite gone. I wish he would come back.

Mrs. O. A little bird is just before you, that never quits this country, but sings even in winter:—there it is; the robin redbreast. His mellow note sounds sweetly in autumn, when scarcely a bird sings except himself.

James. I see him; he has a red breast. He is larger than the wren.

Mrs. O. Last summer, two robins built their nest in my garden. When the young ones were hatched, the parent birds came daily into the kitchen, whence they took crumbs of bread, and even small pieces of meat, to feed their young.

James. What do birds build nests with?

Mrs. O. Some form them with dry sprigs of trees, moss, feathers, or wool; others build them with earth. There is a bird that makes a nest about the size of a pear, which it fastens to the extremity of the branch of a tree that overhangs the water, to secure itself from injury.

Lucy. Can you show us the bird?

Mrs. O. It is not to be found in England: its native country lies far hence, towards the south.

On their return, Mrs. Orme pointed out the polar star, and made the children observe the constellation called the Great Bear; "the starry plough of the north."

When they retired to rest, Anna and Sarah could not forbear taking another view of the sky, secretly rejoicing that they were restored to Mrs. Orme's favour.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL days passed, in which Anna and Sarah followed Mrs. Orme's directions, accompanied her in her walks, and listened with pleasure to her conversation. They amused themselves with arranging the flowers that were gathered in their rambles; but, contrary to their expectations, they found that many hours of the day passed heavily, from the want of regular occupation; for Mrs. Orme steadily adhered to her promise, "that they should try to be happy according to their own plan."

In order to produce a habit of observation, while they amused themselves, Mrs. Orme taught the children to arrange their nosegays according to the class of the flowers they gathered; making them observe the resemblance between plants of the tetradynamia or cruciform; the icosandria, the polyandria, and the liliaceous or hexandria classes. She assisted them in searching for the bulbous-rooted

ranunculus, with its congeners, of which so many are to be found in almost every field. These she made them examine, and compare with the marsh marigold and the wood anemone, the single hepatica, the ranunculus, and anemone of their own garden. She showed them that the lilach, with its fine pyramids of purple and white, is of the same class with the humble veronica. The beautiful anthers of ground ivy, forming two little crosses within the corolla, formed an interesting example of the didynamia class; which was followed by an examination of the white, purple, and hen-bit dead nettle. James and Lucy were delighted to find that the marsh trefoil, with its elegantly fringed corolla, could be placed in the same jar of water with cowslips, primroses, and Mrs. Orme's favourite cyclamen. The rose-like flowers, as the hawthorn, strawberry, almond, cherry, and peach, were highly admired; and the diminutive germ, scarcely perceptible without a magnifying glass, was an object of much curiosity, when they were told that it would become a fine fruit.

"Why," said Lucy, "can we not find almond and peach trees in the hedges?"

Mrs. O. Because they will not grow without cultivation, in this country. Their native soil is far distant.

Anna. Then other countries have different trees and flowers?

Mrs. O. Yes. The vegetables are suited to the climate. In India there is a tree, the leaves of which are large enough to cover ten or twelve persons.

Lucy. I wish we had such a tree, we might spread the leaves over our young plants, to keep them from the frost.

Mrs. O. Many other coverings will shield your plants, but the tree I have mentioned would not be suited to England. The country I have mentioned, is exposed to violent rains at one season of the year, and, at another, to the influence of a burning sun; it is therefore a great blessing to the inhabitants. Again, there is, in another part of the world, a tree, whose leaf, twisted like a cruet, is always filled with a glass of fresh water. Another, called boa, has its trunk hollowed into a cistern; in rainy seasons it is filled with water, which continues pure in the greatest heats, by means of the tufted foliage with which it is crowned. But these trees are found only on dry rocks, and on barren sands, where no water is to be obtained; *here* our rivulets are never dried up by the scorching rays of the sun, therefore such a provision for the necessities of mankind, is not needful.

Lucy. I want to know where those trees grow.

Mrs. O. The two last are found in Africa; the other, called the talipot, is met with in the island of Ceylon.

James. Do those places lie towards the south?

Mrs. O. You might easily satisfy yourselves upon this subject, if you knew how to use a map. You might then discover the native country of the lilach, the cherry, the peach, and a variety of flowers, that are cultivated with the greatest care in gardens and greenhouses. Yesterday, while we were watching the current of the river, you desired to know whither it ran; I told you, that, after watering the country for several miles, it joined a larger stream, which flows into the sea. A map is the picture of a country. Upon examining a map, we are able to discover the course of its rivers. So might you trace the great rivers of this, and other countries, from the mountain or hill whence they issue, to the coast where they flow into the sea. You would soon be able to distinguish continents, islands, promontories, bays, oceans, and seas, and determine whether they lie north or south of England. You would learn, with my assistance, what animals, birds, trees, and flowers, are natives of different countries; the names of

the inhabitants, together with the vegetables that they use for food, and the articles that they export, or send out to other countries. When winter arrives, we might sit by our own fire, and travel, with the aid of a map, over the whole earth.

Anna. I think it *would* be very pleasant to learn all this.

Sarah. So do I.

Mrs. O. To-morrow we will begin. Come, Lucy, and read.

Anna. I shall go into the garden.

Mrs. O. My dear, do you know that your frock is very much torn?

Anna. Yes.

Mrs. O. Why, then, is it not mended?

Anna. I cannot do it; Jane must.

Mrs. O. Jane has sufficient employment already. I never ask her to mend my clothes. She keeps the house clean, assists in preparing meals, and is busy all the day: she deserves a little time for herself.

Anna. But you could darn it.

Mrs. O. I have many affairs to attend, besides working for James, and Lucy also, who has not yet learned to help herself so much as I wish. You are seldom usefully occupied, except while making your bed, or doing little errands for me. The only book I see you read, is the *Children's Friend.* I do not think it is

just, that you should sit idle, whilst others, who have already sufficient employment, are lending you their assistance. The frock must, therefore, remain in its present state, until you are sufficiently industrious to repair the fracture, unless Sarah will help you: she seems equally unemployed.

James. Here comes the postman with a letter. I will run and open the door.

Mrs. O. Ah, this is good news indeed!

Lucy. What is it? Are your neighbours come home, that you were telling us about this morning?

Mrs. O. They will be at home this evening. In an hour I shall go to their house.

Lucy. May I go?

Mrs. O. I wish to take you all; but I cannot permit Anna to go with that wide rent in her frock.

Anna. I might put on another.

Mrs. O. I cannot consent to that. Had you darned your frock this morning, instead of playing with the kitten, you would have had the pleasure of visiting Adoxa, of whom I have frequently spoken; as it is, I am obliged to signify that you must remain at home.

Anna. I am sure, Jane could darn this rent in half an hour.

Mrs. O. Probably; for she is very clever at her needle. I never saw Jane with a ragged

gown, or with holes in her stockings; and yet, Anna, this servant, to whose aid you would be indebted, in order to gratify your inclination, was the object of your and Sarah's ridicule, on Sunday, because her plain dress was not according to your fancy. How often you speak to her rudely, at the time she is contributing, in some way, to your comfort.

Anna. I will not speak so to her again, if she may mend my frock.

Mrs. O. I have already forbidden you to ask it.

Sarah. I am sure it is very hard.

Mrs. O. It is certainly very unpleasant to be deprived of any enjoyment, and very mortifying to be the cause of it one's self; but we must take the natural consequences of our neglect.

Sarah. I will stay at home with you, Anna, never mind.

Anna. But I do mind, for I want very much to see Adoxa.

Mrs. O. Now you perceive the advantages of industry, my dear. Of how many innocent gratifications you may be deprived, while your propensity to loiter and waste your time, continues. I applaud Sarah's good-nature, however, in offering to remain with you, to mitigate the disappointment.

Anna. But if you would let me change my frock, I might go.

Mrs. O. I should then do wrong. The part I act, is beneficial to you, therefore my purpose is not to be changed by tears or persuasions. James and Lucy, fetch your hats. Do you remain with your sister, Sarah, or accompany me?

Sarah. If Anna must not go, I will stay with her.

Mrs. O. Your determination is kind: farewell. I shall return before it is dark.

CHAPTER V.

"Of manners polish'd, and of heart sincere,
Nor wildly gay, nor prudishly severe.
Whose sweet good-humour brightens every gloom,
Whose charity still breathes to heaven perfume.
These best attractions still the heart engage,
And flourish ever amiable in age."

ADOXA MILNE was the daughter of the surgeon who had replaced Mr. Orme at W———. She was a young woman of considerable literary attainments; her manners were polished, her disposition excellent, her figure interesting, and her countenance expressive of the goodness of her heart. Adhering firmly to her own sentiments, without imitating or heeding the ephemeral follies of the world, Adoxa was always at ease, whether in the society of the rich, the gay, or the intelligent; while, in the circle of her friends, she was esteemed, prized, and beloved.

She usually resided with her parents, preferring the tranquillity of her father's house, and

the charms of a fine country, to the splendid scenes of the metropolis, where she had been urged to live with some relations, who were in very affluent circumstances.

The distress with which Mrs. Orme was overcome, on the arrival of the family in the neighbourhood, had deeply interested them: her cultivated mind rendered her a desirable companion, and the kind attention of Adoxa won the confidence of the sorrowing widow.

In undertaking the education of the Hanways, Mrs. Orme looked forward to the influence of this excellent girl's example, upon their temper and conduct; well aware that she would approve, with ardour, any scheme that might prove beneficial to the young; while Adoxa spoke with high applause of her friend's proceedings, and anticipated the pleasure she should enjoy on her return, in becoming acquainted with the objects of her care.

To welcome the arrival of these valuable neighbours, from a journey into Derbyshire, Mrs. Orme now joyfully hastened, followed by Lucy and James. On reaching the house of Mr. Milne, they found Adoxa in the garden, examining the state of her flowers. She ran eagerly to meet them, kindly welcomed the children, and enquired for the elder girls. "Ah," exclaimed Lucy, "Anna is crying at home, because she may not come to see you;

and Sarah stays with her, through good-nature."

Adoxa. Indeed, that is a very trifling cause for tears; but, doubtless, she has other reasons for them.

James. She tore her frock this morning, as we were trying to reach some blossoms of the—— I forget the name; it is a tall tree, with flowers something in the form of a sugar-loaf.

Adoxa. The horse-chesnut?

James. Yes, that was it. How easily you guessed.

Adoxa. I can readily sympathize with your sister: many times have I torn my gown in similar pursuits.

Lucy. Did you sit down and mend it, when you came home?

Adoxa. Certainly.

Lucy. So Mrs. Orme said that Anna should.

Mrs. O. Did you leave your friend Maria in good health?

Adoxa. Oh yes. She promises to visit W——— in the autumn. I look forward with pleasure to that season: it spared half the grief I should have felt on parting with her. I have also been very fortunate in discovering plants that were wholly new to me. You shall see my *hortus siccus.* I have brought

home some fluor spar, and gypsum, several kinds of ore, and many curious stones, which I collected while I was in Derbyshire.

Mrs. O. You have been very near the sources of the Derwent and the Dove.

Adoxa. I have many delightful rambles to describe; but let us go into the house, my father and mother will be very glad to see you again.

Mr. Milne was pleased with Lucy's open countenance, and the gentle temper of her brother. He led them into his study, to amuse them with a sight of several animals preserved in spirits, a fine collection of large shells, a humming bird that he had lately received from the West Indies, and some pods of the cotton tree, with the down just bursting from the capsule.

The children's admiration of these natural curiosities had scarcely allowed them to ask any information concerning them, when Adoxa came to give notice that Mrs. Orme wished to return. They took leave with reluctance, having received the promise of the former, to visit them on the following day.

Again Anna felt acutely the folly of wasting time, when her brother enumerated the curiosities in Mr. Milne's study. She was gratified, however, that Mrs. Orme did not appear displeased, but rather sought to soften the

mortification, by observing that Miss Milne would probably pass the next evening with her.

At this moment Lucy ran into the room, crying violently; holding in her hand the fragments of a little glass vase, that Mrs. Orme had found and given to her, that she might preserve some harebells and lilies of the valley, till the following Sunday.

Mrs. O. Why is all this noise, my dear Lucy? What has happened?

Lucy. Oh, my glass is broken all to pieces, my pretty blue harebells are destroyed, and my lilies are scattered on the window seat. Who has been so ill-natured?

Mrs. O. Gently; do not be so violent. Is the sash open?

Lucy. I will go and look.

Sarah. Now Lucy will be in a fine passion with us.

Mrs. O. Are you then concerned in the misfortune?

Sarah. We found the glass in the other room, and, as we sat there, we took the flowers to examine. There were but two or three.

Mrs. O. I thought I saw you and Anna with lilies and harebells in your hand this morning.

Sarah. Oh, we want to keep ours.

Mrs. O. Surely you might have taken your own.

Sarah. I did not think about it: it cannot much signify.

Anna. But the glass was not broken when we left the window.

Lucy, (returning.) I found the window open. O, my pretty glass! And I had but two harebells and three lilies, out of the handful that Peggy brought: here is the only one that is safe.

Mrs. O. Fortunately, this one has a fine root. In a few days the blossoms and leaves of the others would have faded, nor could you recover them; while this single root, if it is planted in your garden, will produce you a fragrant flower every spring. Do not be angry when Sarah and Anna tell you, that they took your little treasures, in order to determine their class.

Lucy, (passionately.) How spiteful. And to break my glass! I'll tell Miss Milne.

Mrs. O. Indeed! But you must be certain, little girl, that you tell truth, before you venture to tell tales. Speak, Anna.

Anna. We did not think about your wanting the flowers, we pulled them to pieces as we sat in the window, but, I assure you, Lucy, we did not break the glass.

Mrs. O. Most probably the cat has done

the mischief; you know she frequently jumps in, when we are present. You have judged wrong, Lucy. No doubt your sisters will share their flowers with you.

Sarah. Lucy should not accuse us of spite and ill-nature.

Mrs. O. You have all been wrong. You were not sufficiently liberal in dividing the flowers, and very thoughtless in taking the possession of another. Lucy I blame, for attributing the worst motives to you, and for her want of patience. Let me see you shake hands cordially, before she goes to rest.

The sisters immediately complied, and Lucy left the room, repeating, with her wonted gaiety, "remember, you promise me some more flowers to-morrow, and pray do not forget."

"How shall we employ the next hour?" said Mrs. Orme to Anna: "I wish to read."

Anna. We have finished the "Children's Friend:" I do not know where we shall find another book that is so amusing. I like stories very well.

Mrs. O. Sit down then, and I will read a story to you.

Anna and Sarah readily obeyed, and Mrs. Orme began as follows.

"During the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party.

He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it he stood up, and knocked at the door; an old man appeared, with a beard silvered by age. 'Father,' said the officer, 'show me a field where I can set my troopers foraging.' 'Presently,' replied he. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: 'This is the very thing we want,' said the captain. 'Have patience for a few minutes,' replied his guide; 'you shall be satisfied.' They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league further, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this said to his conductor, 'Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this.' 'Very true, Sir,' replied the good old man, 'but it was not mine.'"

Sarah. Is that all?

Mrs. O. What would you desire more?

Sarah. I wish to know what became of the old man.

Mrs. O. Most likely he returned in peace to his cottage, and lay down to sleep, rejoicing that he had preserved his neighbour's property. My dear children, what would the old man have said to those, who destroy the possessions of another, purposely to save their own?

Anna. Ah! now you are thinking about the harebells.

Mrs. O. I am so. Surely, another time you will remember the conduct of the good old German, who suffered his own property to be taken from him, rather than prove the means of injuring his neighbour.

CHAPTER VI.

"All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful ——————————."

WHEN Mrs. Orme sat down to work the next day, Anna begged that she might learn to mend her frock. To this Mrs. Orme agreed, and Anna sat patiently till she had finished her task. In the mean time, the younger children read their respective lessons, and Sarah arranged her flowers, selecting also a pretty nosegay for Lucy. Mrs. Orme then gave them another lesson of Geography, much pleased to observe that they remembered so well the subject of the preceding one. Having taught them to distinguish land from water, islands from continents, &c. she pointed out the vast Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean, with their gulfs and bays, into which most large rivers discharge themselves. The rivers she traced from their confluence with the sea, to their sources in lofty mountains, noticing how

the stream was increased by the smaller rivers. The mountains then became of great interest. The lofty chain of the Andes, of Atlas, of the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenees, and those that intersect the countries of Asia, were, in a short time, immediately recognised, in the ample map of the world that had been provided for the purpose. When they could readily reply to Mrs. Orme's interrogations, she proceeded to relate a variety of facts, relative to the mountains and rivers with which the children had become acquainted, and never failed to describe them in terms suited to give an idea of their magnitude.

"How fast the time runs away," said Anna, as she rolled up the map, "when we are finding out the seas and rivers."

Mrs. O. Can you not as well say, while we are learning Geography.

Anna. Oh! I do not think this is *learning*.

Mrs. O. It is so, nevertheless, and very useful learning.

Anna. I always used to feel tired while I was at school; but now, I am sometimes more so, when I am not with you: I mean if we are not at work in our own garden. Oh dear, Sarah, I forgot to cut some corn sallad for breakfast this morning, and the sweet peas are not sown.

Mrs. O. How came you to be so late? I gave them to you at the time the garden was marked out, and this is the latter end of May.

Sarah. Let us go now.

Mrs. O. In ten minutes you will be recalled: there is hardly time.

Anna. Can dinner be ready?

Mrs. O. It is even so. And have you not been happy this morning?

Anna. Oh, yes. My frock is mended too: Miss Milne will not see me look ashamed of it.

Mrs. O. Nor will you cause me to feel sorry on your account.

Anna. Why would you be sorry?

Mrs. O. To see you so helpless. The most active person is indebted to numbers of his fellow-creatures, for things that are needful to his daily comfort; but you are unable to repair even your own clothing. The articles upon that dining-table are brought from several parts of the world, and require much skill and labour to render them fit for use.

Sarah. What, those few things!

Mrs. O. Let us take them severally.

The table itself is of mahogany; the wood is brought from a country in America, called Honduras, where there are large forests of this beautiful timber. To transport it to England, vessels, and seamen to navigate those vessels,

are necessary. The sawyer, the joiner, the cabinet-maker, are wanted to form the table.

The cloth is made of flax: much of this vegetable is brought from Russia, some from Ireland, and a small quantity is grown in England. Then we shall find that the cultivator, the dresser, the spinner, the weaver, must lend their aid, before you can procure a table-cloth, supposing you possess money to buy it of the manufacturer.

The knives and forks are made of steel, which is iron purified. Here we must call in the help of the miner, the refiner of the metal, the cutler, only for the blade. This handle is of wood, that of bone; two different workmen are here requisite.

The plates are formed of clay, and we need the skill of the potter to mould them into form; then they must be glazed, sometimes coloured, and rendered durable by means of heat. The mineral which affords the blue colour comes from abroad; and the porcelain is painted by children younger than yourselves, each of whom performs a separate part.

The spoons are of silver, which is also dug from the earth, and is also brought from a foreign country. Again we must have the assistance of the miner, the preparer of the metal, the sailor, and the silversmith.

James. And the salt-cellars.

Mrs. O. That pretty cut glass is made of sand, and a substance procured from a certain genus of plants.

Anna. Glass made of sand! how very strange!

Mrs. O. The substance that I mentioned is called alkali; this is mixed with fine sea sand, and melted in an intense heat: the produce is a transparent body, called glass.

Lucy. Oh, you forget the mats now.

Mrs. O. For these, we are indebted to the skill of the basket-maker. They are made of oziers, a species of willow, which is cultivated for the purpose of forming wicker-work of various descriptions. To the labour of numbers, you now perceive, we owe these accommodations, which you almost disregarded, from having constantly used them! Yet which of us could make a table-cloth, a salt-cellar, or even a table-mat? Surely then, it is very wrong to become a burden upon others, and force them to help us, when we have it in our power to assist ourselves.

Anna. I should like to know something concerning our dinner too.

Mrs. O. To several parts of the world we are indebted for the food upon the table. Take your seats.

Lucy. Those potatoes grew in your garden.

Mrs. O. And yet the root was unknown in

England, two hundred years since. It is a native of America.

James. What is rice?

Mrs. O. The grain or seed of a large species of grass: it comes from Asia and America.

Sarah. But for this gooseberry tart we do not want any thing from abroad.

Mrs. O. Prove it to me.

Sarah. The fruit we gathered ourselves this morning.

Mrs. O. Still it may have been the native of other climes. However, the gooseberry is really found wild in England; so are currants and raspberries.

Sarah. The sugar.—Oh, the sugar is made in London. My father went sometimes to visit a gentleman who was a sugar-baker.

Mrs. O. But we must know what sugar is.

Sarah, (hesitating.) It is——I am sure I do not know.

Mrs. O. Sugar is a sweet juice, extracted or pressed out of another species of grass, called the sugar-cane, that grows in Asia and America. It undergoes a variety of operations before it is fit for use. We have it in two different states, powder or moist sugar, and in a more solid form; white, and in hard conical loaves.

Sarah. Well then, the butter in the crust I

know we can easily procure, for I have seen Mrs. Martin churn it; and the flour——

Lucy. Ah! what is the flour?

Sarah. Do not interrupt me so. Flour comes from the mill. Now I recollect, Mrs. Martin told me that wheat is ground at the mill, and then it is called flour, and *that* we can have any where.

Mrs. O. Yet the commodity so necessary for our support, is, of all vegetable productions, that which demands most culture, machinery, and handling. Before it is cast into the ground, there must be ploughs to till the ground, harrows to break the clods, dunghills to manure it. When it begins to grow, it must be weeded; when come to maturity, the sickle must be employed to cut it down; flails, fanners, bags, barns to thresh it out, to winnow it and to store it up; mills to reduce it to flour, to bolt it and to sift it; and houses, where it must be kneaded, leavened, baked, and converted into bread.

Anna. Does not wheat grow wild in England?

Mrs. O. It is singular, that it is not known, with any degree of certainty, to what country we are originally indebted for the several species of corn, or whether they now grow wild in any. One naturalist asserts, that wheat came first from Africa; another, that it grows wild in Sicily; and an ancient Roman author has said,

that wheat and barley were found wild in Babylonia, between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Lucy. Then they came from a very great distance.

Mrs. O. How do you know that, my dear?

Lucy. Because these two rivers are in Asia, a vast way from us. I saw them in the map, they run together into the sea.

Mrs. O. Very right. But it is in a narrow part of the sea.

James. Into a gulf?

Mrs. O. Yes, into the Persian Gulf. Now you may perceive how useful this knowledge of the rivers proves to you, how clearly you com-comprehend what I say. But Sarah has not yet enumerated all the necessary ingredients of her gooseberry tart.

Sarah. I cannot recollect any thing more.

Mrs. O. (after a pause.) Can no one guess this very necessary article? Ah, you are not skilled in the art of making tarts, though you love to partake of them.

Sarah. Pray tell me.

Mrs. O. Without water the flour would not adhere and form a paste; water, being necessary to our life, is found in abundance all over the earth. Come now and work in the

garden; I want a little assistance, who chooses to help me?

Anna. I will.

While the children were sitting down to rest in the arbour, Adoxa came to seek Mrs. Orme. With her wonted kindness, she accosted Anna and Sarah; the former, conscious of her recent disgrace, drew back with more than usual bashfulness. "I have brought my little collection of dried plants," said Adoxa. "Many of them I owe to the liberality of my friend Maria, for the season was not sufficiently advanced, to afford me a great variety of fresh ones. The mosses, however, were in perfection."

Lucy. I do not care much about moss; it is pretty enough, but I like plants that have fine blossoms.

Adoxa. I think they will become favourites when you have examined them a little more. Here then is a flower gathered in the woods of Derbyshire; it is called Herb Paris, and has poisonous qualities.

Mrs. O. This is new to me; but here is one that exhales a pleasant fragrance, and is quite a stranger.

Adoxa. This I found myself, the last afternoon that I passed with Maria, it is sweet woodroof; the herb, when fresh, has no smell. The next is known to every one.

Anna. The cowslip.

Adoxa. I prize this, because it grew at Matlock, near the river Derwent. Here is also a geranium, whose bright scarlet leaves decorate the thatch of many cottages, during the autumn, in the county that I visited.

Lucy. Will you show us your drawings of flowers.

Adoxa. Willingly. I have made a few sketches of the sublime scenery that was frequently in view during my visit in Derbyshire. I love to recall the past, and my landscapes aid my memory.

James. Are there birds in Derbyshire like ours?

Adoxa. Yes. What little bird covered the Babes in the Wood with leaves?

James. The robin redbreast.

Adoxa. And you love the redbreast?

James. Very much. Did you see the robin?

Adoxa. I will show you a drawing of Maria's tame redbreast. Will you hear his history?

James. Oh yes.

Adoxa. Maria, in one of her walks, met two little boys carrying a young robin, that could just fly. They had taken it from the nest. Suddenly, the poor bird gave a spring from the hat in which it was carried, and flew to the bank. The cruel child, in order to regain his prisoner, endeavoured to cover it with his hat, but the bird again attempted to fly, and was

struck down by the blow. Maria now hastened to the spot, and took up the bird, which was stunned, but not killed. She reprimanded the children, and endeavoured to convince them of their cruelty. She took the redbreast home, and, by her care, it entirely recovered. It grew tame, and now will peck crumbs from her hand, and perch upon her finger. She has fixed a cage in a secure place, leaving the door open. This is robin's dwelling, in which he always roosts, enjoying liberty by day.

James. Oh, what a pretty bird! Let me see him.

Adoxa. I will give you a drawing of him; and when you look at Maria's redbreast, let it remind you always to avoid cruelty, and cherish kindness towards animals. Let it remind you to use your efforts in preserving them from ill treatment; then, indeed, my drawing will be of more use than merely to please the eye.

Lucy. I will never let any one hurt birds or flies, nor even snails, if I can help it. Mrs. Orme tells me to pick up the shell-snails, when I see them creeping in the path of an evening. There is no occasion to tread upon them, and it is very easy to put them upon the bank.

Mrs. O. Your resolution is good, my dear.

Anna. Jane is coming to call us, for it is tea-time.

Mrs. O. We will return to the house.

CHAPTER VII.

"Speed the soft intercourse!"

SOME time after Adoxa's visit, the weather became chill and wet, the children kept within doors, and their walks to the house of Mr. Milne were interrupted. "I wish we could see Adoxa," said Lucy; "I want to ask her about the Babes in the Wood, she read the story to me and Anna, when we were with her last week.

Anna. Miss Milne said, also, that she had a little poem which mentions the person who wrote the ballad, with which Mrs. Orme would be pleased.

Sarah. And I have a pencil that ought to be sent back. She is going to L——— for a week; I wish the sky were clear, and the streets were dry.

Mrs. O. I have thought of an expedient that will remove these difficulties. Mr. Milne generally passes this way in the afternoon, to

visit a patient in our neighbourhood; you told me he noticed you yesterday as he rode by. Suppose, Sarah, you send back the pencil by him, and write an apology for keeping it so long.

Sarah. I do not know what to say.

Lucy. I wish some one would write for me.

Mrs. O. Perhaps Anna will; you can dictate.

Anna. I should be afraid to let Adoxa see my hand-writing.

Mrs. O. You both learned at school, I think.

Sarah. I could not bear to write copies; besides, the master was always finding fault.

Mrs. O. A little more attention on your part, would have prevented the reproofs of the teacher, and at present you would have found the benefit of it. How useful and gratifying, to be capable of taking up a pen, to write any little circumstance, that we may wish to communicate to our friends or acquaintances, without feeling ashamed of our hand-writing, or fancying we do not know how to express ourselves with propriety.

Lucy. You can write very fast, pray write for me.

Mrs. O. I can hardly spare time just now, but, as you have not learned to write, there is

an excuse for your incapacity. Give me a pen, and tell me what I am to say.

Lucy. "Dear Miss Milne, pray come and see us before you go to L———, for I want to hear you read the Children in the Wood once more, and I am sorry you are going away for a week."

Mrs. O. Is that all?

Lucy. I thought it would look more when it was written.

Mrs. O. I do not admire the expression, "I *want* to hear you read," a more gentle term would be better; do you not *wish* it?

Lucy. Yes I do; but how can it be altered?

Mrs. O. I will efface the word. Do you wish to hear this ballad *only once* more?

Lucy. Oh yes, many times.

Mrs. O. Then you should have said, "I wish to hear you read it again;" Adoxa will think, from your manner of expressing yourself, that you do not desire to hear it any more than once.

Lucy. Now is it right?

Mrs. O. She will not know from whom it comes.

Lucy. You must write my name, if you please.

Mrs. O. Come and try yourself, I will guide your hand. There—"Mrs. Orme writes this

for, your affectionate Lucy,"—is written upon the paper.

Lucy. I did that!

Mrs. O. But if you could hold the pen, and write without my assistance?

Lucy. I should be very glad, it would be so pleasant to write like you.

Mrs. O. Then I will teach you a little every day. After a time, you will be able to write the name of every plant you find. By degrees, you will advance to sentences; then you may write notes and letters to me, to Adoxa, and your sisters; or, if I am much occupied, and want a letter written, you will be capable of doing it for me. Go now, and watch for Mr. Milne.

James. I am looking for him.

Sarah, Pray, ma'am, write for me.

Mrs. O. I wish you would make the attempt yourself.

Sarah. If you would tell me what to say.

Mrs. O. I will dictate, if you desire it; but you do not mean that the lines should pass as your own?

Sarah. If I say that you assisted me, Miss Milne will think me so stupid.

Mrs. O. It is better to be deemed stupid, than deceitful and dishonourable. If we are forced to ask the assistance of others, we should never be ashamed to acknowledge it; nor, by

availing ourselves of the talents of our friends, should we seek to hide our own incapacity, when a little industry would enable us to avoid troubling them. However, I will dictate a note for you, and then you may do as you please.

Sarah. I am ready.

Mrs. O. "We are watching for your father, my dear Miss Milne, and intend to ask if he will be so kind as to take a little parcel for you. I forgot to return the pencil that you lent me when I was at your house, and send it now with thanks. Mrs. Orme desires her love, and hopes you will let her see the little poem you mentioned, when it is convenient."

Lucy. That is much better than mine.

Mrs. O. Because I have more thoughts than you, and a greater number of words to express them.

Sarah. I have said that I am not used to writing, and that you told me what to say.

Mrs. O. Very good. Prepare your packet.

In a few minutes the good doctor passed, and stopped his horse on seeing Sarah hold up her parcel, which he promised to deliver on his return.

Late in the evening the rain ceased; and as the children were retiring to rest, Adoxa arrived.

"I come to thank you in person," said she, "for the notes that my father brought me this

afternoon, and to bid you farewell. I go to-morrow. Here, also, is the poem you wished for. You will find that little children attended the funeral of the bard; they strewed the way with rosemary, and scattered sweet violets in his grave, so much was he honoured in the place where he lived."

Adoxa then read the following lines:

ON

THE AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD

CALLED

The Children in the Wood.

"Let others praise the martial song,
Which rushes as a flood,
And round the harp attentive throng,
That honours deeds of blood;

"Let me that humble bard revere,
Tho' artless be his theme,
Who snatch'd the tale to pity dear,
From dark oblivion's stream.

"Where Walton's limpid streamlet flows,
On Norfolk's rich domain,
A gently rising hillock shows
The hamlet's straw-roof'd fane.

"Hard by, is seen a marble stone,
By many a winter worn;
Forgetfulness around has thrown
The rude o'ermantling thorn:

"Within this low, obscure abode,
Fame says, the bard is laid;
Oft I have left the beaten road,
To greet the poet's shade.

"Fame, too, reports, that when the bier
Receiv'd the poet's frame,
The neighbouring hamlets hasten'd here,
And all the childhood came.

"Attir'd in white, an infant band
Advanc'd along the way,
With rosemary leaves each little hand
O'erspread the mournful way:

"Encircling now the poet's tomb,
Thrice on his name they call,
And thrice, into the hallow'd gloom,
Sweet show'rs of vi'lets fall.

"Compassion's priest, Oh, feeling bard!
Who melts the heart away,
Enduring praise shall still reward,
Thy short and simple lay.

"Here shall thy praise be found among,
Whom Nature's touch has grac'd,
The warm of heart applaud thy song,
And all the pure of taste.

"The child shall leave his jocund dance,
Suppress his frolic mood,
And bend to hear, in silent trance,
The story of the Wood*."

Mrs. O. Thank you, Adoxa, the poem is very pretty.

Anna. Where is Norfolk?

Mrs. O. It is a county in England.

Adoxa. We can find it in this map.

Lucy. I will point out England. Here is our island in the wide sea.

Mrs. O. This island is divided into many parts, called counties; and Norfolk is one of these: you see it is in the eastern quarter of the country.

Adoxa. I am afraid we cannot find the "limpid Walton;" the stream is too small to be marked in the map.

Anna. I should have liked to help them gather the violets. But I do not know the rosemary.

* Jerningham.

Adoxa. We have a fine tree still in blossom; my mother will show it to you: do not forget to ask her. But I have a request to make.

Mrs. O. It shall be granted, if possible.

Adoxa. My father is going to perform some curious experiments this evening; I think they will be very amusing, and I wish that I could invite my three young friends to return with me; but I can take only one. They must decide who that one is to be.

Mrs. O. Who will be so generous as to give up her own pleasure to gratify another? What, all silent?

Anna. Miss Milne must choose.

Adoxa. That would lead you to suppose a preference, which I have not.

Mrs. O. Let us have recourse to justice. Anna passed two days with Miss Milne last week, and saw several curious operations; Lucy had a view of the shells; Sarah has not been so fortunate, and neither of them has made so long a visit as Anna.

Lucy. I will let Sarah go.

Sarah. Ah, now, Lucy, you are very good-natured; I am so glad.

Lucy. And it was very kind in you to stay with Anna, the first time we went to Mrs. Milne's; I like to be kind too.

Mrs. Orme approved of the arrangement,

and Sarah was soon ready to attend Adoxa. The latter kindly embraced Lucy, much pleased with her conduct, promised to bring some flowers from L———, and departed with her joyful companion.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O heed the voice, that, of the winding maze
Where baleful error lurks,
Will early warn thee, yet while innocent;
Lest the sweet smiles that erst enchanting play'd,
The smiles of hope and innocence, should fade;
Storms of accusing passions may awake,
And the fair rose the sullied cheek forsake."

WHEN Sarah returned the next day, she found Lucy and James busily employed in counting a bag of scarlet beans, which Mrs. Orme had just purchased. "What are you about?" said she.

James. Counting out these beans; Mrs. Orme says she will give me twenty, if I can tell how many are in the bag, and it is not a large one.

Lucy. The plants will twine round a cord to a great height, and will hide the pales with their fine leaves. They have bright scarlet flowers too, and afterwards we shall see large green pods, that are good to eat.

Sarah. Let me try to count them.

James. I can recollect till I reach fifty, then I am quite puzzled.

Sarah. It is very tiresome, I will give up; and here comes Anna.

James. Oh, if some one does not help me, I shall lose my beans with scarlet blossoms.

Lucy. Do not mind; let us begin again.

Mrs. O. Suppose you count them into little parcels, each containing five.

James. That will be a very good way. One, two, three, four, five. This is very easy.

Mrs. O. Now you have about half. How many divisions are on the table?

James. Ten.

Mrs. O. Ten, with five beans in each; ten times five are fifty. So you have exactly fifty beans counted out.

James. How can you tell that?

Mrs. O. Because I have often reckoned, and have always found that ten times five are as much as fifty. Let us prove it, that you may be certain also.

The beans were carefully enumerated. On moving the last, James exclaimed, "it is all right, here are fifty."

Mrs. O. Thus you see, ten times five are fifty.

Lucy. Now let us count the rest, we shall soon finish.

James. Give me a handful.

Lucy. Here are ten more little parcels.

Mrs. O. How many are there all together?

James. Fifty again.

Mrs. O. Who knows how much twice fifty are?

Sarah. One hundred.

Mrs. O. Now go on as before.

The bag was found to contain two hundred beans. Mrs. Orme then desired each of the children to count twenty, which was quickly done. "Those seeds are yours," said she, "notwithstanding I was obliged to assist you; do not forget that ten times five are fifty."

James. Come, Lucy, let us go into the garden.

Sarah. Figures are so puzzling.

Mrs. O. Here is an amusing arithmetical question, it is perfectly easy. Come, Anna, will you try to answer it?

Anna. Oh, dear! I can't do sums. Besides, you promised that I should be happy in my own way.

Mrs. O. You seem weary, my dear.

Anna. Yes, I am quite tired.

Mrs. O. Have you been working hard in your garden this morning?

Anna. No.

Mrs. O. Have you tired yourself with rubbing your chest of drawers?

Anna. No.

Mrs. O. I perceive now the cause of your weariness.

Anna. How can you discover it, ma'am?

Mrs. O. You can give no account of your employment since breakfast; you seem spiritless and discontented: I conclude that you are weary with idleness.

Anna. I do not feel comfortable.

Mrs. O. Yet you have had your own way, which, you told me in London, would make you and your sister happy. You neither read, work, nor write, except when it suits your inclination; still I do not find that you are contented. The time frequently hangs heavy upon your hands. Indeed, I have remarked that you seem more gay and happy after your lesson of geography, or a walk in the country, during which your attention is fixed upon some interesting object, or in listening to a story, than you ever appear to be when left wholly to yourself.

Anna. But you do as you please, and yet seem happy.

Mrs. O. Ah, my dear! I feel pleasure in those very employments for which you have so much disinclination. If I were to consume two-

thirds of the day in idleness, or waste my hours in trifling, useless pursuits, do you think I should appear happy, although I possessed the power of acting as I choose? When I was of the same age as yourself, it was my constant business to acquire literary and other useful instruction, the day was never too long for my numerous occupations. Now, I find the great advantages of my past industry, and I am enabled to assist others.

Sarah. Were you happy?

Mrs. O. Indeed I was; there is no part of my life that I remember with more pleasure than my childhood. The sight of a new book was delightful to me, and when I began the study of a language or a science, it was cause of rejoicing.

Anna. I should be glad to know as much as you. Adoxa, too, is very clever; and how well she speaks French.

Sarah. Last night she read French to her mother, and assisted Mr. Milne when he made experiments with the electrical machine: she knows the name and use of every thing that was brought out. After supper she read Italian.

Mrs. O. But if Adoxa had disliked instruction when she was a child, would she now have been capable of aiding her father, or

amusing you with her various acquirements? Certainly not.

Anna. I think I will try to learn a little.

Mrs. O. Your new friend, however, possesses many other qualifications that are equally desirable, though frequently less regarded, than a knowledge of foreign languages, music, or other ornamental acquirements.

Anna. What do you mean?

Mrs. O. Adoxa is able to do every thing for herself; she can make or repair her own clothing.

Sarah. Ah, but she cannot wash; *that* she must get some one to do for her.

Mrs. O. Indeed she is very capable of this office. She can prepare her own food, and keep her house clean and in good order. In short, if she had no one to attend her, she could live comfortably without attendance.

Sarah. How could she light a fire?

Mrs. O. You ought to know the method of lighting a fire.

Sarah. I do not, indeed.

Mrs. O. Almost thirteen years old, and unable to do such a trifle! What must become of me, when I am ill, if Jane should be absent? I have two persons with me, strong enough to perform these little offices, yet I must be obliged to do them myself, because they are too ignorant

even to help themselves! Why, every cottage girl is more useful; those girls who were scarcely noticed, when they curtsied to you. But we were speaking of Adoxa. If she were to reside in a foreign country, she would not be in danger of injuring herself, as Sarah had nearly done, by tasting wild berries, that look pleasing to the eye.

Anna. How could that be avoided?

Mrs. O. Because Adoxa has listened to the instructions of her father, and from her childhood has taken delight in learning the properties of the plants whose flowers she loved to gather. It was not sufficient for Adoxa, that she could count the stamens of her plants, that she could preserve them for years by pressing and drying them in paper; she sought to know their useful or pernicious qualities, hence she has learned to be cautious, and is able to determine, in some measure, the property of a plant, on ascertaining the family to which it belongs. I dare say there are few articles for use or food, that she is unable to give some account of.

Anna. I will try to learn.

Sarah. So will I.

Mrs. O. Suppose you occupy yourselves for a time, in the manner that I think will most contribute to your present and future happiness.

You confess that your own plan has not succeeded, try mine.

Anna. Oh, very willingly.

Mrs. O. But, remember, I require implicit obedience to my directions.

Anna. Indeed you always teach us what is good.

Mrs. O. Another beneficial effect of your compliance and perseverance, will be the power of your example over your brother and sister. At present, your conduct is frequently liable to injure them, did I not uniformly exact an entire observance of my commands, and endeavour to attach them, by every gentle means, to their pursuits. You are also in danger of losing the esteem of Lucy, for with a character like Adoxa's before her eyes, she will insensibly begin to make comparisons not much to your credit. I do every thing that truth and justice allow me, in your behalf. You have, doubtless, perceived, that when you only are in fault, I never reprove you in the presence of James and Lucy. But why will you oblige me to contrive, in order to save you from unpleasant feelings, when, by your good example, you might assist me in training up these children, who are so much younger than yourselves?

Anna. I will endeavour to observe what

you say; but I never loved to learn, it makes me so dull.

Mrs. O. Is Adoxa dull, or am I so? yet the greater part of our lives has been employed in gaining knowledge of some kind.

Sarah. But, ma'am, I have seen you shed tears sometimes. You did yesterday afternoon, while we were gathering daisies in the church-yard.

Mrs. O. I wept, because I stood beside the grave of a very dear friend, who rests there. One whom I loved much, and whose death made me exceedingly mournful.

Anna. Who was it?

Mrs. O. One whose pleasures and pursuits were the same as mine, who knew much more than myself or your favourite Adoxa, and equalled her in botanical knowledge.

Anna. Do tell me whom you mean.

Mrs. O. My husband.

Anna. Ah, what a sad thing!

Sarah. Where are your children?

Mrs. O. Do you recollect admiring that little turf, over which the wild convolvulus had spread among the grass?

Anna. Oh, yes; just by the spot where you stood.

Mrs. O. My only child too, lies in that grave.

Sarah. I must go and look at it again.

Mrs. O. I might find in you some consolation for these losses, if you were good and obedient. How glad you might make my heart, did you listen with interest to my instructions, and daily make some advances in acquiring virtuous habits.

Anna. Indeed I do love you very much, for you are always kind to us.

Mrs. O. Prove that you have a regard for me then, by endeavouring to be good. There is yet some time before dinner, as an earnest of future obedience, read to me the passages that are marked in that volume on the table. Sarah's gloves want mending: here is a needle for her.

Anna. Now shall I begin?

Mrs. O. If you please.

"The seeds of thistles, of blue bottles, of dandelion, of succory, and many others, are furnished with pinions, with plumes, with tufts, and various other means of rising, which convey them to prodigious distances. Those of the grasses, which likewise travel very far, are provided with a light, chaffy coat, and with bearded husks. Others, such as those of the wall-flower, are cut into thin scales, and fly by the slightest breath of the wind, and plant themselves in the most inconsiderable crevice of a wall. The seeds of the largest

mountain trees are no less volatile. That of the maple has two membranous pinions, similar to the wings of a fly. That of the elm is cased in the midst of an oval, thin leaf. Those of the cypress are almost imperceptible. Those of the cedar are terminated by broad and thin plates, which, in their aggregated state, compose a cone. The grains are in the centre of the cone, and when arrived at maturity, the thin membranes to which they adhere, separate from each other, like the cards in a pack, and each of them flies off with its own little kernel.

"The seeds of mountain-plants, which appear too heavy for flying, are furnished with other resources. The peas of the balsam have pods, whose elasticity darts them to a considerable distance. Those that have neither tufts, nor pinions, nor springs, and which, from their weight, seemed condemned to remain at the foot of the vegetable which produced them, are, in very many cases, those which travel the furthest. They fly off with the wings of a bird. It is thus that a multitude of berries and shell-fruits resow themselves. Their seeds are enclosed in stony incrustations, not capable of being digested. They are swallowed by the birds, who carry them off, and plant them in the cornices of towers, in the clefts of rocks,

on the trunks of trees, beyond rivers, nay, beyond oceans."

Sarah. Where can we see all these wonderful seeds?

Mrs. O. In most parts of the country, during the months of summer and autumn. The elm, indeed, has already shed its seeds.

Anna, (reads.) "The seeds of aquatic plants have forms not less adapted than those of their leaves, to the places where they are destined to grow; they are all constructed in a manner the most proper for sailing off. Some of them are fashioned into the figure of shells, others into boats, rafts, skiffs, single and double canoes."

Mrs. O. Do you understand what is meant by "aquatic plants?"

Anna, (hesitating.) I believe not.

Mrs. O. Plants that grow in a moist or watery situation, by the banks of rivers, and in marshes. Now give the book to Sarah, and let her conclude the subject.

Sarah, (reads.) "The aquatic or maritime pine, has its kernels enclosed in a kind of little bony shoes, notched on the under side, and covered over on the upper with a piece resembling a ship's hatch. The walnut, which delights so much in the banks of rivers, has its fruit contained in two little boats, whose apertures are perfectly fitted to each other.

The hazel, which becomes so bushy on the brink of rivulets; and the olive, which is enamoured of the sea-shore to such a degree, that it degenerates in proportion as you remove it thence, carry their seed enclosed in a species of little casks, capable of holding out the longest voyages. The red berry of the yew, whose favourite residence is the cold and humid mountain by the side of a lake, is hollowed into a little bell. This berry, on dropping from the tree, is at first carried down by its fall to the bottom of the water; but it returns instantly to the surface, by means of a hole which Nature has contrived above the seed. In this aperture is lodged a bubble of air, which brings it back to the surface of the water, by a mechanism more ingenious than that of the diver's-bell, in this, that the vacuum of the diving-bell is undermost, and in the berry of the yew it is uppermost.

"The forms of the seeds of aquatic plants are still more numerous; for, universally, the beneficent Creator provides means of protection for the little and the weak. That of the bulrush resembles a lobster's egg; that of fennel, is a real canoe in miniature, hollowed in the middle, with both ends raised into a prow. There are others grooved into each other, resembling pieces of wood disposed for a float

and worm-eaten; such are those of the horned poppy.

"The almond of the river Amazons, known by the name *totoca*, is enclosed in two shells, exactly similar to those of an oyster. Another fruit on the strand of the same river, which abounds in almond-trees, has a perfect resemblance in colour and form to an earthen pot, with its little lid; it goes by the name of the monkey's porridge-pot. Others are formed into large bottles, as the fruit of the great gourd. There are seeds incrusted in a coat of wax, which makes float; such are the berries of the wax tree, or royal pimento of the shores of Louisiana." Oh, I must tell Lucy about the monkey's porridge-pot.

Mrs. O. Go, then, and bring her back with with you.

CHAPTER IX.

"Heav'n bless'd the work, and stamp'd its image there;
But woman's wisdom thought the dress *too plain*,
Bid vanity new-model it again,
Torture the shape, distort their Maker's face,
Paint, out of colour; polish, out of grace."

HENRY MOORE.

"I CANNOT imagine," said Sarah to her sister, as they sat alone in the parlour, "what Mrs. Orme keeps in that wardrobe." "Her best clothes, I dare say," replied Anna. "I will ask to have it opened, I should like to see them. Here is Mrs. Orme, let us ask now."

"Dear ma'am" said Anna, (as that lady entered,) "will you do us a favour?"

Mrs. O. What is it?

Anna. We want to look into that wardrobe.

Mrs. O. Come, then, here are its contents.

Anna. Is that all! I am quite disappointed, nothing but rolls of linen and stuff, and some new books.

Mrs. O. What did you expect to see?

Anna. We thought your smart clothes were kept there, while you wear black.

Mrs. O. I never put on what you call smart clothes. Feathers, flowers, trinkets, and trimmings, find little favour with me; I do not think them worth attention. They usurp time, that might be far better employed; they have a tendency to make young persons vain and frivolous; and injure, rather than increase, the natural beauty of the human form and face.

Anna. Oh, I like to see people smart, they are always so much admired.

Mrs. O. Not *always*, my dear Anna; occasionally we find an exception to your general rule. Some months since I passed an afternoon at Mr. ———'s, a number of persons were assembled, and the ladies were adorned in the manner that you think so agreeable. During the visit, a gentleman, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, a man of much taste and information, asked me if I knew the lady then opposite to us, with a miniature as her only ornament. "She is the most agreeable figure in the room," said he, "her attire is so simple, that it allows one to examine her features, without imperiously claiming our first consideration, and overpowering by its glaring contrasts the modest colouring of nature." I turned my eye as he ceased speaking, and beheld the same

figure I had been previously approving—the lady was Adoxa Milne.

Sarah. I am glad it was she. But even Miss Milne had a miniature.

Mrs. O. It is the portrait of her friend, whom you have heard her mention; she wears it through regard for the bestower, not as an ornament. She says it gives her pleasure to look at it, when she is amid scenes that are not pleasing to her.

Sarah. I shall do like her, when I grow up.

Mrs. O. Better motives even than imitating Adoxa, will then, I trust, influence your conduct. Reasonable sentiments and pure taste, I desire to be the foundation of all your inclinations and habits. Anna does not cordially acquiesce in my hopes for futurity, I perceive; she would like us better with trinkets, and feathers borrowed from the birds of the desert, or trimmings that we owe to a worm.

Anna. To birds and worms!

Mrs. O. Yes. Smart people wear birds' feathers, and a kind of caterpillar spun the silk for your sash. Your hat you owe to the corn in the field.

Anna. Pray tell me how you mean.

Mrs. O. The plumes you admire, are taken from the ostrich, a bird that lives in sandy deserts. If you have any wish, I can enable

you to watch the little creatures that supply us with silk of every kind.

Anna. How I should like to have some!

Mrs. O. To-morrow we will visit a person who keeps a few. I must open this roll of cloth, and cut off three aprons.

Sarah. For us?

Mrs. O. No. They are for three girls you do not know: one, about the size of Anna, can iron very well; another sews neatly; the third is to attempt making this apron herself, she is younger than Sarah. We will now lock this wardrobe, that has caused you disappointment; to me it is a very agreeable treasury.

The next morning Mrs. Orme led the party to a pleasant dwelling on the other side of the town. They passed through a pretty garden full of flowers, and were admiring the little grass-plat, beneath a fine spreading tree, that bore a profusion of fruit, unknown to the children, when a girl opened the door: "You are busy cleaning, Betty," said she, "we will go into the other room." Anna was surprised upon entering, to see several neat girls dressed alike, who were employed in knitting, spinning, and sewing, while one was reading to a person who seemed their teacher. She arose on Mrs. Orme's entrance: "We are come, Mrs. Norman," said the lady, "to beg a few of your silk-worms, if they can be spared."

Mrs. N. Certainly, ma'am; as many as you please.

Mrs. O. Thank you. I was much pleased, last week, with Mary Jones's needlework, here is an apron for her; another for her sister, who I am glad to see stirring about so nimbly in the kitchen. The third is for Susan Porter, provided she can make it herself. We will now visit the silk-worms, and take some leaves for them to feed upon. Good morning: do not let us interrupt you. I shall take Miss Milne's place to-morrow, as she is from home.

The children watched the silk-worms with much delight, and having observed the paper-cases in which they were kept, they enquired upon what plant they were feeding.

Mrs. O. Upon the leaves of that fine spreading tree, that we saw just now, under which we will go and sit down. It is called a mulberry-tree. Now, Anna, you know for whom I intended those aprons.

Anna. Do you put those little girls to school?

Mrs. O. Mrs. Milne, Adoxa, and myself, jointly pay a certain yearly sum to the good woman you saw just now, for teaching a few poor children every thing that is necessary to make them steady, clever servants. The cottage belongs to Mr. Milne: he gives it for our use, free of rent. The children are nearly

clothed by us, but we give them the different articles as a reward for good behaviour. To defray the expences, we calculate how much we should spend, did we love dress and other superfluities; the sum is put into one common purse, and part of the money we destine for charitable purposes is added to it. The children also earn a little by spinning and sewing; part of which they receive, the remainder goes to the general fund. If we are at any time deficient, Mr. Milne authorises us to call upon him for his contribution. I have already given you one reason for not appearing what you term smartly dressed, now you have another—I can employ the money better. In the wardrobe that you desired me to open for your inspection, I keep all the necessary articles for the clothing of these children, together with the books requisite for their instruction. I seldom open it, but to take out either a reward for good behaviour, or for improvement in some part of their learning. Judge then, with what pleasure I turn the key! But far greater satisfaction we receive, in recommending them to our acquaintance, as honest and industrious domestics, and in hearing that our former pupils are esteemed and valued. I am even personally benefitted by this plan; my maid Jane was one of the first girls we admitted, and you know how diligent and steady she is. The

young girl who lives at farmer Martin's, left school this summer, and of her I hear a very good account. Adoxa and myself are frequently present to watch their progress, and give them instruction.

Anna. We have been here so long, and yet you have not taken us to visit the school before!

Mrs. O. You had so little esteem for useful qualifications, and so little value for instruction, that our school-business would have appeared dull and uninteresting to you; and as you are still surpassed in several things by some of my little girls, I could not give you any employment during the time I stay with them, that would make the visit agreeable to yourself, or useful to the children, which indeed is the only cause of my interference; no idle person can be admitted.

Sarah. Could we be of service?

Mrs. O. Susan Porter will begin to write, shortly. Anna is old enough to instruct her for some months: she might have undertaken the office, and accompanied me to the school, but her hand-writing is very bad; I cannot trust to so indifferent a teacher.

Anna. Ah, how pleasant it would be to go with you! I wish I had paid more attention when I was at school.

Mrs. O. See another consequence of idle-

ness. You could not address a note to your friend, from the fear that she would be displeased with your bad writing; now you are prevented assisting another, from the same cause.

Anna. I wish I could write well.

Mrs. O. You have it in your power to do so.

Anna. How?

Mrs. O. By practising every day.

Sarah. We will, Anna. Oh, I should be very glad to write tolerably.

Mrs. O. You shall have my assistance three times in the week, on the intervening days you must practise alone. Lucy, where have you been with your brother?

Lucy. We placed one of the silk-worms upon a leaf of this tree, for there is a branch I could reach, and we watched it while it crept about.

James. And once we lost sight of it. Oh, we were so frightened: but the poor thing was quietly feeding upon a fine broad leaf.

Lucy. Why does Mrs. Norman keep them in those papers, when she has such a large tree? You say the birds love the open air, do not caterpillars too?

Mrs. O. In warm climates, silk-worms are suffered to range at liberty over the tree; but in this country, the cold winds and frequent rains

would destroy them. They should be kept in an airy place, and if properly attended, and well supplied with food, I do not apprehend the worms are injured, as they have been in these cases ever since they left the egg-shell. It would be more agreeable, certainly, to see them upon the tree in the open air; but it would be cruel to place them there, as the weather in England is so variable.

Sarah. What shall we do when these leaves are eaten, we have not a mulberry-tree in our garden.

Mrs. O. Here is a dilemma! What is to be done?

Anna. Jane can come hither for fresh leaves, when we want them.

Mrs. O. But Jane has other employment, and surely you ought to find amusement for yourselves, without requiring her assistance. I cannot allow the silk-worms to be taken home, unless you will promise to provide them regularly with their proper food.

James. What shall we do?

Lucy. It would be very wrong to starve these poor things.

Mrs. O. Or to neglect them. There is, however, a certain method of procuring leaves; had I not been aware of this, I should not have proposed the amusement: I thought you would soon discover it.

Anna. Pray tell us.

Mrs. O. Substitute yourself, or Sarah, as a messenger for the leaves.

Anna. I forgot that.

Mrs. O. I did not: and I also hoped that you would remember how much better it is to assist ourselves when we are capable, rather than trouble another.

Lucy. Is the silk-worm's egg large?

Mrs. O. Take up your treasures; and as we walk home, I will tell you the history of the silk-worm, which you may prove by your own observation. When the worm leaves the egg, it is extremely small, and perfectly black; in a few days it begins to assume a white hue. After this, the coat becomes ragged, when the animal casts it off. It then grows whiter, and increases in size. After a few days, it ceases to feed, and sleeps almost two days, at the end of which it is exceedingly agitated. The skin wrinkles into folds, and the silk-worm throws it off a second time. It now assumes its third habit.

Lucy. Can you tell if ours have changed their skin three times?

Mrs. O. Yours have already put off two garments. When they have fed a few days longer, they will again divest themselves of their covering, and assume a third new one: so that they have three different skins from the time of

leaving the egg. After this, the worm continues feeding for some time. At last, it renounces its food, and prepares to form a beautiful little cell, with a fluid contained in its own body.

Lucy. How long will it be before I shall see this?

Mrs. O. No great length of time. But the worm must then be removed to a little paper bag in the form of a cone. You must acquire the art of making these, before your favourites need them: a sugar-loaf will serve as a pattern. In their natural state they form these beautiful cells among the leaves of the mulberry-tree.

Anna. But you tell us nothing about the silk.

Mrs. O. Within the body of the worm there is a very long, slender bag, which contains a kind of gum, of a bright yellow hue; of this the worm forms its silk.

Anna. Dear, how strange! So silk is nothing but a gum from the body of a little worm.

Mrs. O. You have seen the mercer unfold beautiful pieces of satin, sarcenet, and velvet; the haberdasher has often presented ribbon of various colours for your choice; and you have seen your mother's milliner displaying many articles of dress made of the same material. It is all derived from these little worms.

Lucy. I shall be very glad when they begin to spin.

Mrs. O. Under her mouth, the silk-worm has a curious instrument, pierced through with a pair of holes, through which she draws two drops of the gum that fills her bag. She fixes both these drops where she pleases, and draws back her head; the gum that flows through the holes lengthens into a double thread, and immediately loses its moisture. She unites these two threads, by gluing one over the other with her fore paws; and when the time arrives for making the cone, she employs the fingers that her paws are furnished with, either in twisting or gluing the two threads, or in fixing herself sometimes in one place, sometimes in another.

Sarah. But what becomes of the worm when she has spun the cell?

Mrs. O. By degrees it is entirely surrounded with a cone of silk, and is concealed from our sight. When left to itself, this worm issues from its cell in about fifteen days, having assumed a new form, that of a butterfly. When the silk is to be separated from the cones, they are to be thrown into warm water, and the silk of six or eight is joined together, fastened to a reel, and wound. We shall then perceive the shell, which is a composition of silk and glue, resembling a very strong stuff; within, is the worm in miniature, changed into

a chrysalis or nymph: it is of a brown colour, without head or feet; it has a little motion when pressed. From this chrysalis the butterfly issues, before it quits the cone of silk, in its natural state. She lays sometimes fifteen hundred eggs, and dies soon afterwards.

James. Shall we see all this?

Mrs. O. The whole. What a store of amusement you have obtained! Surely, I need not remind you to be careful of them. It will be proper to fix some time for fetching the mulberry leaves. In the morning you are now tolerably well employed, in the afternoon the heat will not allow you to walk far.

Sarah. We can walk there in the evening.

Mrs. O. Occasionally we may, but a very suitable hour remains unnoticed.

Anna. When?

Mrs. O. Although you rise in good time for breakfast, you lose at least an hour every morning. Now if you rose at the same hour as myself, the mulberry leaves might be obtained before breakfast; the errand would not interfere with other business, and you would improve your health and strength, by walking in the fresh air of morning.

Anna. I will begin to-morrow; pray, Ma'am, call us very early.

Mrs. O. That I will do, without fail.

Sarah. We are not near home yet; tell me something about those birds you mentioned last night. I should like to keep one.

Mrs. O. You mean the ostrich. Admitting, for a moment, the propriety of confining the bird, we should find that it requires a spacious habitation, for it is one of the largest birds in the world. It is found in several parts of Africa, and is particularly abundant near the Cape of Good Hope. It is almost three yards in length; and when erect, its head rises to the height of a man on horseback. Its speed is very wonderful, and will exceed, in some instances, the rapidity of a horse.

Lucy. Oh then, they can easily run away from the people who want to catch them.

Mrs. O. Even this great speed does not preserve them. The natives pursue the ostrich for two or three days successively, and when the creature is completely exhausted, it is destroyed by clubs. Dogs are sometimes employed to hunt them down, followed by men on horseback, who contrive, by means of a hooked staff, to seize the bird by one of its legs, and thus bring it to the ground.

Lucy. Ah, poor bird! he would be glad if his feathers were not beautiful, did he know why he is so hunted. My lilies in spring, and my jessamine in summer, look as pretty, and we

do not want dogs, nor men with clubs, to search for flowers.

Mrs. O. I agree with you, Lucy. But I must call at this house before I return; you may go home, and fix upon a station for your silk-worms. I will tell you if it is a proper one.

CHAPTER X.

"Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home,
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant mould;
O'er his broad, brawny shoulders loosely flung,
Shaggy and long, his yellow ringlets hung.
His waist an iron-belted faulchion bore,
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore.
His scarr'd and rudely painted limbs around,
Fantastic, horror-striking figures frown'd;
Which, monster-like, e'en to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man."

SOME time after the preceding conversation, a large China jar was accidentally broken, which Mrs. Orme greatly valued. The children lamented, for they had often busied themselves with collecting rose leaves and lavender spikes to fill it. Anna and Sarah expected that she would be extremely displeased; James and Lucy gathered up the fragments, and presented them to Mrs. Orme, with doleful faces, as she came down stairs. "What is the cause of your grave looks," said she, "is any one ill?"

Anna. Oh, no; but the large jar is broken.

Mrs. O. I know it. Jane has just now told me that she has had the misfortune to break it.

Anna. She had no business to touch the jar, it was safe on the window-seat; but Jane is always moving things about.

Mrs. O. We should not blame any person unheard. I do not yet know how the accident happened, and she is so much distressed about it, that to reprove her would be wrong, especially as she is habitually careful. I hope Lucy has collected all the fragments; I will endeavour to join them.

Sarah. It was an old-fashioned thing, you can easily purchase a better.

Mrs. O. It was, indeed, old-*fashioned;* porcelain was not so common when my jar was new.

Anna. What did people use, if China was not in fashion?

Mrs. O. About three hundred years since, chimneys were a new *fashion;* they were known only in the houses of noblemen. The lower ranks slept upon straw pallets, with a log of wood instead of a bolster. Perhaps the master of the family had a mattress or flock-bed, with a sack of chaff to rest his head; with such accommodations, porcelaine would be an unattainable object.

Anna. Oh, I am glad we did not live in those times.

Mrs. O. Yet the historian of that age observes, that men were well contented. Then, dishes and spoons were made of wood; for pewter was deemed a rarity, though it is now discarded for a more agreeable article, made of earth. Your father's dinner-hour was five o'clock; in the days of Queen Elizabeth it was the hour of supper, among the nobility. That of dinner, was twelve at noon.

Anna. Why, they must have drank tea about the time that we dine in the country.

Mrs. O. Tea, coffee, and sugar, were then unknown luxuries, though they now seem necessary to our comfort.

Anna. How uncomfortable the people of this country must have been!

Mrs. O. We do not hear that they were so. Suppose we look further back, to the period in which England was inhabited by a race of men who lived in rude huts covered with thatch, clothed with the skins of animals, their limbs painted with frightful, uncouth figures, and their yellow hair spreading loosely over their shoulders. Their food consisted of milk, and the flesh of animals procured in hunting.

Anna. They had fruits, I suppose.

Mrs. O. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few

wild berries, were then the only vegetable food to be obtained; neither wheat, barley, hops, garden fruits, nor vegetables, were known to the ancient Britons; they are all the gifts of other lands.

"Originally, this island was over-run with wood. The bear, the wolf, and the wild boar roamed in the vast forests; large herds of stags ranged through the woods, and wild bulls grazed in the marshy pastures*." The period we were before noticing is infinitely superior to this, although the inhabitants made use of wooden dishes and spoons. We find cities built, order established, and a humane religion inspiring the minds of men with charity and peace. But the priests of the Britons, who were called Druids, taught them that it was right to make sacrifices of living beings, whom they enclosed in large images made of wicker, and burned them in honour of their religion. These, indeed, were dreadful evils, and you may truly rejoice that you are taught to value the life of the meanest insect. Instead of frequenting a place of worship in decent attire, viewing convenient habitations, or cultivated lands every where around, enjoying the pause that the Sabbath allows to the labours of mankind—the original inhabitants of this now fruit-

* Aikin.

ful island, advanced to celebrate their religious ceremonies to the sound of discordant instruments, such as pipes of iron, bull's horns, and other barbarous music. *They* sacrificed miserable prisoners taken in war, believing it would render them successful—*we* entreat the favour of Heaven for all mankind, and are taught that the merciful are blessed.

Sarah. They could have no kind of amusements.

Mrs. O. Hunting and war were pleasurable to them; their courage was invincible, and their skill in directing the chariot amid the battle, is described as very extraordinary.

Anna. Who gave this account of the Britons? they were unable to write.

Mrs. O. A mighty people, the Romans, landed upon the coast, and in time subdued the whole island. From them we have the information. The Britons struggled long to maintain their liberty, and expel the unjust invaders of the country. Queen Boadicea and the brave Caractacus are noted for their heroic conduct.

Sarah. Do let us read some account of them.

Mrs. O. Willingly. You shall begin to read the history of your own country. We will mark the progress of its improvement in learning, in commerce, in agriculture, and the

conveniences of life. But we shall meet with many dreadful scenes. We shall find the country ravaged by fierce invaders; oppressed by the tyranny of the great; and still worse, the people of England destroying each other; and good men burned alive, for resolving to follow the dictates of their conscience.

Lucy. Oh, dear! what a sad history.

Mrs. O. On the other hand, will it not be gratifying to read of excellent characters, such as Alfred, justly named the Great, who established wise laws, and appointed customs that remain to this day? Or of Lady Jane Gray, so virtuous and learned, who refused the crown of England, preferring a private life, and loving learning more than the splendour of a court?

Anna. Surely every one must have esteemed her.

Mrs. O. The persuasions of her ambitious father and his friends, finally overcame her determination, and she was proclaimed queen. Another princess had a prior right to the title; the greater part of the nobility espoused her cause, and Lady Jane resigned the crown with more satisfaction than she had assumed it. Some time afterwards, the new queen, a harsh and cruel woman, condemned her to death—she was beheaded on the scaffold.

Lucy. Lady Jane would have made a better queen than that wicked princess.

Mrs. O. Here is an anecdote that displays the humanity of another celebrated character: I will read it to you.

"Sir Philip Sidney was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Elizabeth. He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty in the Low Countries, where he had a command, under his uncle the Earl of Leicester, general of the English forces employed against the tyrant, Philip the Second of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him, and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback, to the camp, and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, just as he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, 'thy necessity is greater than mine.' During sixteen days, great hopes were entertained; but the ball not being ex-

tracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude."

Lucy. He was a good man. Oh! I love to hear about people who are kind to each other.

James. Jane is coming with the milk; now we may have our breakfast; but do look, how lame she walks.

Mrs. O. She has hurt herself: I will go and ask what has happened.

"I have hurt my foot a little," replied the servant, to Mrs. Orme's enquiries; and, after much persuasion, she informed her mistress, that, being desirous of earning a trifle for a poor relation who was very ill, she had risen when it was scarcely light, intending to spin for two or three hours. "I went down carelessly," continued she, "and fell over something upon the stairs, which I found was the China jar. I believe my ancle is sprained, but I should mind that less, if I had not been so unfortunate as to break any thing in my fall."

Having desired Jane to bathe the sprain, and forbidden her to walk about, Mrs. Orme returned into the parlour. "Some of you have been the cause of this accident," said she. "The proper place for this jar, by Anna's own confession, is the stair-case window. I find,

by enquiry, that it was left near the lower step. Who put in rose-leaves yesterday."

Sarah. Not I.

James. Nor I: they will not let me.

Mrs. O. Was it you, Lucy?

Lucy. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. O. My dear Anna, you are silent; can *you* be the person? you who asserted that the jar was in its proper place, and accused the servant of ill-judged interference? Your countenance replies in the affirmative.

Anna. Indeed I quite forgot, till this minute, that I removed the jar, but I put in lavender late in the evening; I had the plants to water then, so I left it at the foot of the stairs, close by the wall, intending to carry it up afterwards.

Mrs. O. Which, however, you did not; and the consequence is, that poor Jane fell over it this morning, and sprained her ancle very much. To use your own expression,—you had no business to remove the jar from its place: let this henceforth induce you to be more careful and regular in what you do; especially, let it check that propensity to blame another.

Anna. I did not intend to hurt Jane.

Mrs. O. No, that would have been a most malicious design. The only reparation you can make, is to assist Jane to the utmost of

your power; she is in very great pain. Carry her this cup of tea.

Anna. I am not used to wait on the servants.

Mrs. O. I know you are more accustomed to receive assistance than to give it.

Anna. Besides, Jane will not like me, if she knows that I caused her fall.

Mrs. O. How falsely you judge. It was with difficulty that I persuaded her to tell me the whole truth, for she knew some one would be reproved for carelessness, and was unwilling to excite my displeasure.

Anna. If she does not know who it was, I will carry the tea.

Mrs. O. What! will you suffer your brother and sisters to be suspected, in order to shield yourself? Indeed, Anna, you are very unjust, and very deficient in generosity. I am much offended with this conduct.

Anna. Oh, do not be displeased, I will do as you desire.

Mrs. O. Go then, tell her that you removed the jar. If you feel sorry to see her suffer pain, say so—not otherwise.

"Well," said Mrs. Orme, in her usual tone of voice, as Anna came into the room, "can you persuade Jane to eat?"

Anna. Oh, dear, I am sorry that I spoke so wrong about her, she is more uneasy because

her work must be left undone, than for her accident, and she thanked me so much for bringing the tea.

James. May I take some of my bread and milk? It is very good.

Mrs. O. If you please.

Lucy. I know what I will do for Jane.

Sarah. Tell me.

Lucy. I will go to Mr. Milne, and beg of him to give me something for her ancle: he has such large phials full of medicine, in the surgery.

Mrs. O. You have anticipated my wish, Lucy.

Sarah. May I go with her?

Mrs. O. Yes; I do not choose that Lucy should go alone. Let us finish our meal, we have more than usual employment this morning.

CHAPTER XI.

"Dolce nella memoria."

ADOXA'S visit was prolonged to several weeks, but frequent letters from her, in which she gave long details of her employment, delighted the children, and impressed them with no small degree of respect for an art that can so well contribute to the amusement and gratification of another.

The season of harvest, too, was approaching, they wished for Adoxa to walk with them through the rich fields of wheat, and to admire the soft surface of the barley, swept by the gentle wind. They gathered young branches of oak, and interwove them with wheat, barley, and oats, in wreaths, which they suspended in honour of the season.

A packet at length arrived for Mrs. Orme, in which Adoxa expressed her intention of returning the following week. "And now,"

said Mrs. Orme, "here is a proposal that will please you."

Anna. Let us hear.

Mrs. O. Adoxa writes thus:

"Enclosed are some specimens of plants, that I met with in the garden and hot-houses of a gentleman, whom I have visited during my absence. I saw 'foreigners from many lands,' and the most rare British plants. I observed the plane-tree of Asia and America, the cedar and tulip tree of the latter; the currant of Zant, the coffee-plant of Arabia, the tea-tree of China and Japan, and the cotton-plant from the West Indies. But of these, and many others I have not enumerated, we shall speak more fully when I return. In the mean time, I must express a wish, which I hope you will not refuse to gratify, provided you think me equal to the office I would undertake. Anna and Sarah are both fond of drawing. I would ask you to give me the charge of instructing them, and, when you think proper, let me also teach them the French language. Thus, my good friend, you will be spared some labour, and I shall have the pleasure of knowing that I am of service."

Anna. I shall be very much obliged to Miss Milne, and so will Sarah.

Lucy. May I not learn also?

Mrs. O. When you are a little older; but

we must learn to read, and write, and sew, before we spend time in less important attainments. You frequently amuse yourself with a pencil now, and, at a proper time, Miss Milne will bestow a little time in giving you some instruction.

Lucy. But *when* shall I begin?

Mrs. O. When you can darn your own stockings.

Lucy. I do not like that work very much.

Mrs. O. Yet it is very necessary. I do not wish to see a little girl more skilful with her pencil, than she is in using her needle.

Lucy. I will soon learn to be quick at my work.

Anna. May I open this paper and look at the plants?

Mrs. O. Yes: be careful of them.

James. Here are such odd-looking leaves, all eaten by insects.

Anna. What a pity; but I suppose she could find none that were perfect.

Sarah. They are like mulberry leaves.

Mrs. O. They are so; and were you to examine every leaf of the tree, you would find them in a similar state. Spread them out: observe, not one of them resembles another, and the indentations are finely cut or serrated. Some are hollowed out on one side only; this seems to have a piece eaten away.

Lucy. What is this curious tree called?

Mrs. O. The paper mulberry. It is common in the island of Otaheite, situated in the Pacific Ocean. The bark is manufactured into cloth. The name of this tree frequently recalls the poor native to my mind.

Lucy. Tell me about him.

Mrs. O. Some years ago, a native of Otaheite was brought to Paris. Walking in the Botanic Garden, he accidentally beheld the paper mulberry, among innumerable trees and plants, equally strange to him, as the customs of the country whither he was come. The tears started to his eye on beholding the well-known object: he clasped it in his arms, exclaiming, "Ah, tree of my country!"

Lucy. Poor fellow; I wonder if he got safe home again.

Mrs. O. That I cannot inform you, Lucy. But here is a plant known to me when I was but little older than yourself. It is called sweet cyperus, and is among the most rare of English plants; it grows in Somersetshire, where I then resided. Adoxa is very kind to select this, for she has often heard me speak of it. What is the next?

Anna. Nothing but some long rushes.

Mrs. O. Oh, I know them; they smell like cinnamon. It is the sweet rush. Hear what Adoxa has written concerning the plant.

"When I was at N———, I had an opportunity of observing an agreeable circumstance relative to this plant. On a certain day, the magistrates attend the cathedral in procession; the aisles are then thickly strewed with the sweet rush. The air is quite embalmed with the odour, and traversing the adjoining cloisters, the breeze is perfectly fragrant. The whole scene is pleasing. The fine old Gothic building, its exterior darkened by time, and rendered more interesting by the verdure of the trees that surround it;—the number of persons assembled to witness the procession, treading the really rush-strewn pavement;—and, finally, the solemn organ accompanying the chant of the choristers, forms a fine contrast with the harmless gaiety that the scene naturally excites. You will readily believe, that the sight of this plant recalled to my mind a spot once well known, and that I shall give it a place in my botanical memorial."

Anna. How pleasant it must be, I wish we could scatter some in our house.

Mrs. O. Formerly, it was the custom to cover the floor of a room with common rushes; but far from being a proof of good taste, it served only to conceal a great accumulation of dirt, and the fragments of food, which the inhabitants were too unmindful of cleanliness to take away.

Sarah. What nasty people.

Mrs. O. Yes; the present race of young ladies, even in the middle ranks of society, have little idea how homely and uncivilized were their equals in past times.

Anna. They are more comfortable in these days.

Mrs. O. Cleanliness and delicacy, refined manners, suitable clothing, and convenient habitations, are, undoubtedly, substantial benefits. But luxury, vanity, and expence, often quickly succeed to great improvements, and while we congratulate ourselves upon our refinement, we must take heed, lest we become too delicate to be useful; lest dancing, drawing, or music, should be a serious business, rather than a harmless occupation for leisure hours.

Sarah. I am sure you have a great many drawings, Ma'am.

Mrs. O. I have so; but most of those were done while the lark and the husbandman only were heard or seen; I had other business for the day. Those pieces you have looked at, are all taken from nature; among them are the village church, where my grandfather lies buried; the old hall, where often I danced at the harvest feast; the ruins of a monastery, at some distance from my dwelling, and groups of trees, that were objects of constant admira-

tion; these views are very valuable to me, for I know they are accurate representations of scenes I shall probably never more behold. The drawings of flowers have been of great use in my botanical studies. Whenever I met with the figure of a plant that I had never before seen, I copied it; and thus, with its generic and specific description, a great number were ascertained, of which I might otherwise have remained ignorant. You are fond of drawing sometimes, how many beautiful flowers you might amuse yourselves with copying, when they are fresh gathered.

Lucy. Oh, James, what have you done? the ink is spilled!

Mrs. O. It cannot be helped now: move away the inkstand.

Lucy. Where does ink come from?

Mrs. O. Ink is a composition very easily made. It is composed of green vitriol, galls, gum Arabic, and water.

Anna. What are galls?

Mrs. O. The nest of an insect. There are several kinds; those used in making ink are found on the oak. Some insects deposit their eggs in the heart of a leaf, by piercing into it. The leaf being injured by the wound, the circulation of the sap is interrupted, and flows round the egg; the surface is dried by the air,

and hardens into a little ball, which is called a gall nut.

Anna. I wish we could see one.

Mrs. O. That you may, very easily, for they are to be found upon numerous plants. A very pretty gall is common upon the wild rose, it is composed of several galls that grow together, and are covered with a kind of moss, of a pale green colour, occasionally tinged with red.

James. When shall we find them?

Mrs. O. Towards the end of summer. Another kind of gall is not unfrequent upon the leaves of the lime tree; these are conical, and beautifully red. But we were speaking of ink. I have described one of its ingredients; another is green vitriol, which is a salt obtained from iron. This salt is dissolved in a certain quantity of water. The gall-nuts are bruised, and suffered to stand in water also; the gum is then added, last of all the dissolved vitriol. The liquor immediately turns black, which is occasioned by the peculiar effect of the galls upon the iron, which is suspended in the liquor by the gum. I will shew you the process of making ink, that you may clearly understand the nature of so useful an article.

Sarah. Some of our schoolfellows would taste ink, when they were writing.

Mrs. O. Vitriol is poisonous. I never tasted

a gall-nut, but from their properties, they cannot be very pleasant, and when you have seen the several ingredients of which writing ink is composed, you will not be inclined to follow the bad practice you mention.

Sarah. What a pretty wreath Lucy has made, while you have been talking.

Lucy. I gathered all the plants from one field, this morning. Here are sprays of oak, ears of wheat, the blue bottle, the purple cockle, and convolvulus.

Mrs. O. Yes, it is very neatly put together; and since you are so fond of wreaths, I will shew you one of a different kind. Wreaths or garlands were used for various purposes. In ancient times they were worn at festivals. The Druids crowned with branches of yew, the victims whom they intended to sacrifice. The Romans bestowed a wreath of oak upon him who saved the life of a fellow soldier in battle; and a garland made of grasses, was the reward of warlike bravery.

Lucy. What is your garland made of?

Mrs. O. You shall see immediately; there is also a little story belonging to it.

Anna. Oh, a story; I am glad of that.

Mrs. O. Now then, open this little box.

Sarah. A white wreath!

Anna. It is a garland of white roses, made of writing paper.

Sarah. Was this given as a reward?

Mrs. O. It denotes that a young person has closed her eyes upon this world, to open them again upon a better. You have heard me mention the Peak, a lofty mountain in Derbyshire?

Lucy. Miss Milne's friend lives near.

Mrs. O. You are right. In the villages round, it is customary to suspend a wreath of this kind in the church, and over the pew of unmarried villagers who die in their youth *. A few years since, I accompanied Miss Milne into Derbyshire; we passed some time at E——, the village in which the father of her friend Maria then resided. During our visit, the child of a poor widow in the neighbourhood, playing on the bank of a rapid stream near the village, fell in. Its screams were heard by a young person at some distance, who ran hastily to learn the cause. She saw the child borne along by the current, and running to a part where it was less deep, she plunged in, caught it almost lifeless, and bore it home joyously to the mother. For a few hours Frances enjoyed the applauses of her neighbours, and the happiness of the poor widow; but before night she was seized with cold shiverings, succeeded by a high fever.

* Seward.

Sarah. What could cause that?

Mrs. O. The day was excessively warm, she had been violently heated with running, and the sudden chill that she experienced, by plunging to the waist in the stream, produced these terrible effects. Maria, Adoxa, and myself, were alternately her attendants; for old age had rendered the relation with whom she lived, incapable of much exertion, and we feared to leave her to the care of the old nurses of the village, in so dangerous a state. Her fever had been increased at first, by the good-natured ignorance of a neighbour, who administered a strong cordial. Fortunately, the presence of Adoxa forbade a second; but skilful advice and judicious treatment were vain—poor Fanny's funeral garland was seen in the village church, a few Sundays after.

James. Oh, dear, if Mr. Milne had been there, he could have made her well, perhaps.

Mrs. O. I believe not, my dear. Her frame had received too severe a shock, to be restored to health by medicine.

Anna. Was she not sorry to die so young?

Mrs. O. Frances was a very good girl. She had lost both her parents, and lived with an aunt, who had a little income of her own. Fanny took care of the house, and cultivated a quantity of camomile plants, the flowers of

which are gathered and dried for sale, in some parts of the county. She earned a little by plain work, and in the evening, entirely through kindness, she taught a few of her neighbours' children to read and sew. The widow's child was one of her scholars.

"I feel I must soon die," said Frances to Maria, (who highly esteemed her,) "but I have the comfort to reflect, that I saved the life of a fellow-creature. My crop of camomiles will sell for enough to bury me. I have saved some pounds, which I will give to your care, if you will suffer me," continued she; "let the money be spent in paying a person to take care of my poor old aunt, that her house may be kept neat as usual. I trust that your kindness will bring you sometimes to comfort her." Maria asked if she had any other wish. "My four little girls, that were getting so forward"—she said, hesitatingly. Maria promised to complete their instruction. "I have one thing more to ask," she continued, "I know they will hang up a wreath for me in the church, I would entreat you to make it. Do not weep, (for Maria's tears fell fast at this request.) I have followed my father's injunction to the best of my ability, though it has been but little. I shall die in peace, with the remembrance, that I have done what I could."

Lucy. What a good girl. I am very sorry she died.

Mrs. O. You will easily imagine that it was unnecessary to sell the produce of her industry, to provide for the expences of her humble funeral; Maria's father undertook the whole. Her four little scholars followed as mourners, each bearing a wreath: that held by the child whose life she had saved, was suspended in the church; Maria retained another; Adoxa a third; and that in your hand, Anna, is the fourth.

Anna. Is it indeed?

Sarah. Under this leaf there is something written.

Mrs. O. It is the inscription on the stone we placed over Fanny's grave. It tells her name and age, and the cause of her early death: that line concludes it, read.

Anna. "She hath done what she could."

Mrs. O. May it be your desire also, my dear children, to benefit your fellow-creatures to the utmost of your power—to do the best that your situation will allow; then if, like the good Frances, you die in the flower of your age, like her, you will die happy.

CHAPTER XII.

"Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain."

THE children did not soon forget the story of Frances and the white wreath, and Mrs. Orme was entreated to delineate the church of E——, and the house in which she resided.

Anna and Sarah determined to plant a bed of camomile: the younger ones still maintained, that no doctor could equal their neighbour in medical skill. Each blamed the officious care of the person who inadvertently increased the disorder; and Mrs. Orme, always watchful for a favourable opportunity to make a good impression, observed, how needful it is to possess some knowledge of the disorders to which human nature is liable.

James. When I grow up, I will be a surgeon. I will learn what is good for every kind of sickness. If I hear that a poor man is

ill, I shall visit him, and try to cure the disorder.

Mrs. O. That is more particularly the office of a physician. To the science of medicine, the profession of a surgeon unites an accurate knowledge of every part of the human frame, and the diseases to which it is subject. He must be able to heal every kind of wound, bind up the broken bone, and even amputate, or cut off a limb, when deemed expedient.

Anna. I would not be a surgeon. I could not bear to take off a person's arm, it must be so shocking.

Mrs. O. When the flesh is diseased, and the bone decayed, mortification ensues, and death would inevitably take place; but, by amputating the limb, life is preserved, and the surgeon who skilfully performs the operation from which you shrink, confers a most important benefit.

James. Yes, I will be a surgeon.

Mrs. O. I wish, my dear child, you may retain your inclination some years hence.

Anna. Why, Ma'am?

Mrs. O. It is of no consequence to you, Anna, that I should explain myself.

Anna. I can keep a secret; pray tell me.

Mrs. O. A secret it is not: the reason of my expressing the wish, you would not fully understand, if I were to explain it.

Anna. Indeed I should.

Mrs. O. Of that I must be the best judge, Anna.

Anna. Only try me.

Mrs. O. I am at this moment observing you.

Anna. In what manner? You do not tell me the reason of your wish.

Mrs. O. I perceive that foolish curiosity is the chief motive which induces you to urge the request; it renders you forgetful of good manners, and doubtful of my word. Supposing I wanted to confide any thing of importance to you, I should have some fears lest you should be unable to resist the importunities of another, since you show, by your present conduct, that you believe they possess sufficient power to overrule well-founded objections.

Anna. I am quite certain that no entreaty could move *me*.

Mrs. O. Entertain the same certainty with respect to me, my dear. I have often been told of circumstances that required silence; I have very frequently been questioned, and I am *quite certain*, from long experience, that no importunity can influence me. Be assured, Anna, it is as honourable to check our own prying curiosity, as to resist that of others. James and Lucy have run from us: what have they found?

Lucy, (returning.) Some person has just shot this poor little sparrow. James is crying; for we saw it flutter and move its eyes, as if in great pain.

Mrs. O. It is very cruel: there are sufficient means to keep the birds from destroying the fruits, without depriving them of life.

Anna. Do not cry, James. Shall I read those pretty verses that pleased you so much the other day?

James. Pray do.

Mrs. O. You mean the "Invitation to the feathered Race?"

Anna. Yes, Ma'am.

"Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

"Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing, the live-long day;
At night here sweetly rest.

"Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

"No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
Here shows his ruddy face;
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone
In this sequestered place.

"Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

"Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one who loves his home.

"For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

"Let then this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual int'rests guard:
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
Your songs be my reward."

Lucy. Very likely; some rude school-boy killed this bird.

Sarah. I know those that are mentioned in the poem, Lucy, and Mrs. Orme can distinguish them by their notes.

Mrs. O. A great many I can. But some

species may be known by their manner of flying. Skylarks rise and fall perpendicularly as they sing; woodlarks hang poised in the air; titlarks rise and fall in large curves, singing in their descent; the sea-lark frequents the shores of the ocean, but with its habits I am unacquainted.

Lucy. What bird flew past us just now?

Mrs. O. A swift, one of the swallow tribe: the swifts dash round in circles; it is the largest of the four species that visit our island.

Anna. Do they not stay here through the year?

Mrs. O. The swift arrives last, and departs first of the tribe.

Lucy. What are the others called?

Mrs. O. The swallow, with its long forked tail and red breast, builds its nest in chimneys: you have frequently listened to its twitting note. In flying, it sweeps over the surface of the earth or water. A third is the pretty house-martin, that constructs its nest of clay, and may be known by its white breast. The fourth is the sand-martin, the smallest of the family: their favourite residence is on a steep sand-bank, above a large pool or river, in which they scoop out holes, and in this secure retreat deposit their eggs.

Anna. Whither do they go when they leave this country?

Mrs. O. It is generally supposed that they migrate across the English Channel to Spain: at Gibralter they pass over to the northern parts of Africa, returning by the same road in spring, to Great Britain.

Lucy. They will not stay much longer with us then?

Mrs. O. About the twelfth of August, the swift disappears: the swallow departs at the close of September.

Lucy. I shall trace the voyage of the swallows, when I go in doors.

Mrs. O. It is a long way for creatures of so small a size; they often suffer much from hunger and fatigue during the passage.

James. Why can they not remain here?

Mrs. O. The climate is too cold for them. These birds live on insects, of which there are few to be met with during winter, in this country. When they feel the approach of cold weather, a wonderful instinct prompts them to collect together in great numbers, and seek the warmth of a southern land, where plenty of food awaits them.

James. I will never shoot at birds.

Mrs. O. No—it would be very inconsistent, that the person whose profession it is to heal wounds, should take pleasure in inflicting them, even upon animals.

James. No one could cure this sparrow?

Mrs. O. The shot has probably penetrated into the heart; if it had pierced the wing only, the bird would not have died; but when the heart ceases to beat, life departs immediately.

James. How sharp the bill is.

Mrs. O. This kind of bill, or beak, is fitted to pick out almost every kind of seed from its concealment; it shells the grain, and breaks the coat of the seed, in order to get at the kernel.

"The spoon-shaped bill enables the goose to graze, or to collect its food from the bottom of pools. The snipe and woodcock have a long, tapering bill, to penetrate deep into the moist earth, where the food of these birds is lodged. The duck has a bill different to either of these. The inside is thickly set with two rows of sharp prickles. These serve as a filter, or strainer. The duck, by means of them, examines the puddle or mud, and every mixture that is likely to contain her food. She plunges in her bill, and draws the liquid through these prickles, or little teeth, catching, as the stream passes across her beak, whatever proves agreeable to her choice*."

Anna. And she makes a noise at the same time: now I know the cause of it.

Mrs. O. Rapacious birds are furnished

* Paley.

with hooked bills, such as hawks, owls, and eagles; they feed upon animals, and their bills separate the flesh from the bones, almost as clearly as a knife.

Lucy. What kind of bill has my favourite robin, and the little wren?

Mrs. O. Similar to that of the sparrow. The beaks of vocal birds resemble each other. There is a bird called the woodpecker, that lives chiefly upon insects, lodged in the trunks of decaying trees. For the purpose of boring into the wood, it is furnished with a bill, straight, hard, and sharp. When by means of this piercer it has reached the cells of the insects, then comes the office of the tongue, which is of such a length, that the bird can dart it forth three or four inches: it is tipped with a sharp, bony thorn; this is toothed on both sides. The bird, with a very quick motion, throws out its tongue, fixes the insect upon the sharp, bony thorn, and thus draws the food into its mouth.

Anna. What a number of different beaks you have described. I should not have supposed that the bill of one bird differed from another.

Mrs. O. Has the description afforded you pleasure?

Anna. Oh, yes.

Mrs. O. Remember then how much plea-

sure awaits you. Let us return to our sparrow.

Lucy. How very slender its legs are.

Mrs. O. They are peculiarly formed for hopping, which, you know, those birds do very rapidly. Observe the feet; they are adapted for clasping the boughs of a tree, as with a hand; the toe and claw placed behind, render it perfectly steady.

Lucy. That is very clever; so at night it rests quite safely.

James. Let me look into the mouth of this bird. He has no teeth!

Mrs. O. Now you are surprised indeed. Birds that feed on herbs and grain, are furnished with a most powerful muscle, called a *gizzard.*

Anna. I have often heard of the gizzard.

Mrs. O. At the dinner-table, I dare say you have, my dear. You saw it parched and shrivelled up with heat, but you knew it not as the instrument which grinds the hard food in the stomach of the bird, as effectually as a coffee-mill would do; and that, possessing this gizzard, it has no occasion for teeth.

James. Have sheep a gizzard?

Mrs. O. No, we never find it where there are teeth.

James. The bird seems to have a bag at

the bottom of the throat. I can feel some kind of food.

Mrs. O. That is the crop; thence the food gradually passes into the gizzard, where it is ground soft.

Anna. But where does the voice come from?

Mrs. O. Within the throat is the windpipe: from the lower end, in the breast, the voice of the bird issues.

Sarah. What a number of feathers: it must be very warm in winter.

Mrs. O. The covering of birds is admirable. It is light, in order to facilitate their flight; it is smooth and warm. Notwithstanding its delicacy, it resists moisture effectually. In the body of the bird are two glands, filled with a substance like butter; from these it extracts the oil at pleasure, to dress its feathers, which, so prepared, throw off the rain as it falls upon them.

Lucy. I do think it is not right to kill these little creatures, that are made so wonderfully. Ah, its poor heart will never beat any more!

Mrs. O. You must find a grave for it in the garden: even this dead sparrow has afforded some instruction:

Lucy. You said, that when the heart does not beat, there can be no life; does it *always* beat?

Mrs. O. Perpetually. Place your hand upon your own heart: feel you not its motion?

Lucy. Quite plain.

Mrs. O. Night and day, for eighty years together, sometimes longer, this wonderful machine never ceases to move. It beats eighty strokes in one minute.

James. Even when we are asleep?

Mrs. O. Undoubtedly. When you are a little older, I will teach you the different names of some parts of the human frame. We will speak of the joints, the muscles, the bones, the nerves, the blood-vessels, and arteries; then you will look with admiration upon your fellow creatures, and you will perceive how good is that Mighty Power, who caused every thing to contribute to our advantage and pleasure.

Sarah. Will you visit our new camomile bed, before we leave the garden?

Mrs. O. Willingly. But I fear the season is too far advanced for you to expect any flowers this year; these roots would have been better planted in September.

Sarah. They were only put into the ground this morning; we got them from Mrs. Norman's.

Anna. If we had but a leaf or two of the

talipot, how well they would be shaded from the sun.

Mrs. O. (laughing.) If my children had but a little patience, and more knowledge, they might plant their camomile at a proper time, without fear of its withering, and leave the talipot for a country that needs it.

Anna. You are always so contented.

Mrs. O. For this reason;—the same good Being that causes the heart to beat, and the bird to sing, has adapted the vegetable to the soil and the climate. But what will you do with the camomile flowers? Since medicine is become a favourite subject, of course you can tell their use.

Anna. We cannot, indeed.

Mrs. O. They are usually purchased by druggists. However, if your flowers are well prepared, I will be the purchaser. Boiled in water, they form an excellent fomentation, to relieve rheumatic pain in the joints, or in the head. An infusion, like tea, is very good to strengthen the stomach. The class of plants to which they belong, is chiefly bitter; such as colt's foot, wormwood, succory.

Lucy. It is one of the syngenesia class, I know; for colt's foot and wormwood we have examined.

Mrs. O. Very right. Come with me now, it is time to read your daily lessons.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little."

ONE morning in the following week, as the children returned from their usual walk to Mrs. Norman's, they perceived a stranger seated at the breakfast-table with Mrs. Orme. "Who is it," said they; "we did not hear that any person was expected."

Before they reached the house, the door opened, and Adoxa sprang forward to meet them. "I arrived last night," said she, "and expected to be here this morning in time to awaken my dear neighbours; but thanks to the silk-worms, I find they at length agree with me, in loving a walk before breakfast."

Anna. And you will go with us sometimes. I am glad to see you again.

Adoxa. Nor am I less pleased to return.

Lucy. You must not leave us for a long time.

Adoxa. I hope not. But I am come also to give my two pupils a lesson in drawing. In the afternoon, with our good friend's permission, we will walk to the village of Eaton; the annual fair is held to-day. We shall find amusement in observing the scene, for it is very pretty, and you have never been at a country fair.

Mrs. O. In the mean time, I shall visit a friend who is ill, and meet you in the evening at Mr. Milne's.

Lucy. Why will you not go with us?

Mrs. O. Because I shall do more good by staying with Mrs. James, and you can describe to me every thing that pleased you, on your return. Now I think of it, here are a few shillings, divide the money between you; perhaps something at the fair may catch your eye.

James. But you have forgotten Miss Milne; pray give her some too, or I will let her have half mine.

Adoxa. Thank you, my dear, I have sufficient; Mrs. Orme knew that, or she would not have forgotten me.

Adoxa divided her attention between the two sisters for an hour. Anna, whose industry had been stimulated by the prospect of her friend's return home, went through a short lesson much to the satisfaction of Adoxa. The commenda-

tion that was judiciously given, delighted her, and the injunction to practise a little every day, she resolved never to disobey. Sarah attended with equal interest, and Mrs. Orme's expressive eye sought to repay Adoxa's efforts, with a look of thanks as she left the room, desiring the children to be with her early in the afternoon.

Many questions now ensued concerning the fair. Mrs. Orme described the various commodities that are usually offered for sale, and the amusements that some classes of people find pleasure in partaking.

"The hour of dinner is approaching," said Mrs. Orme, "yet the page of writing is unfinished, the 'Children's Friend' lies unnoticed, and even the map of England is not taken from the shelf."

Lucy. I cannot think of any thing but the fair.

Anna. Nor I. Why did you not tell us of it yesterday, Ma'am? Oh, I forget, we should not have known about it, if Miss Milne had not returned.

Mrs. O. Indeed you would, my dear.

Anna. Did you know that the fair is to-day?

Mrs. O. Yes; and it was my intention to walk thither with you, this afternoon.

Sarah. How could you keep it a secret?

Mrs. O. Does not the event prove that I

am right? You are so much delighted with the idea of the pleasure you are likely to enjoy, that the customary employments are unable to fix your attention. Anna lays down her pen, to enquire if muslins or ribbon are to be obtained, James enumerates the cakes he can purchase, Lucy is no longer interested in the fate of Berquin's "Canary Bird," and Sarah seems wholly occupied with listening to our conversation.

Anna. I dare say Miss Milne is thinking about it.

Mrs. O. Adoxa, on her return home, will pursue her business, and then she will set off, satisfied with herself. She thinks of the excursion, undoubtedly, but the recollection does not prevent her from doing what is necessary. I knew that little else would be attended to, when you were told of a visit to the fair; and as I do not approve of thus wasting time, I should have forborne to mention it till dinner.

Lucy. I cannot help being very glad.

Mrs. O. It is natural at your age; but you must learn to acquire self-command, nor suffer the anticipation of pleasure to unfit you for your duty.

Sarah. Shall we never know beforehand when we are going out?

Mrs. O. You see, accident will sometimes

oppose my intention, at the same time that it affords me an opportunity of observing the progress you make in the very necessary art of commanding your thoughts. In proportion as you improve, so I shall act. It will give me more pleasure to treat you as rational beings, than as children that possess no power over themselves. But I do not require too much from you. Put aside the books, if you like, and remember the lesson I have just given you. I fear your studies are irksome this morning, and I cannot suffer learning to be thought a burden.

Lucy. I *will* try and write well, for I should like to be reasonable.

Anna. I can't attend, if I do read; besides, I want to gather some flowers for a nosegay.

Sarah. I shall go with you, Anna.

Mrs. Orme sighed, as she marked the power of example over James, who ran after his elder sisters; but she consoled herself with hopes for the future, and the early proof of resolution in Lucy, who raised her eyes two or three times from her paper, repeating, "I do think about the fair now, but I am trying to write well."

The party at length found themselves on the road to Eaton, and a merry peal from the village steeple foretold their approach. As they proceeded, they distinguished the sound of music, and observed persons hastening to the spot.

"Oh, how delightful!" said Anna, "every body seems so merry."

Sarah. I dare say there is no one sad in all the village.

Adoxa. You are mistaken, I fear. However, we will observe the countenances of those we meet. Which way shall we go?

James. I want to see that tall building with pictures.

Adoxa. That is called a booth. Within are some poor animals, that are carried about as a show.

The loud voice of a dealer in cakes, proclaiming their excellence, and inviting custom, now caused the young party to turn round.

"This man says his cakes are the best in the fair," whispered James; "I will buy some." Adoxa smiled, and the children having purchased what they pleased, turned their attention to a booth, in which two girls were dancing, and displaying a variety of postures. "Poor children," said Adoxa, "how pale and thin they look, and that shabby finery is ill fitted to their age. They do not look happy, Sarah, though they dance half the day."

"Bless you, young lady," said a poor woman to Anna, who was examining a stall set out with toys and trinkets, "spend a trifle with me; here are some nice work-baskets, I made them myself, they are very strong."

A small work-box of satin-wood unfortunately caught Anna's eye; she compared the beauty of the box, with the white, unornamented basket, that the woman still held up. Adoxa stood attentive, and somewhat anxious for the decision between use and show. Anna enquired the price of the box; it was within the sum she possessed. "Is not this a beautiful box!" said she. "The wood is very pretty," replied Adoxa, "but the size is so small, that you will find it of little use." "I think I must have it, nevertheless," rejoined Anna.

Adoxa left her to complete her purchase, and turned to the poor woman, who looked sorrowfully at the splendid toys before her. "I will take two of your baskets," she said. "Heaven bless you, Miss," replied the woman, "I have not sold one yet; we are likely to be turned out of doors, if I cannot earn a little money to pay our rent, and my two children are half starved!" "I will buy one," said Lucy; "and so would I," added Sarah, softly, "but I am almost fixed upon this purse."

Before she had determined, the woman disappeared, and Adoxa proceeded, observing, that the poor basket-maker looked very much pleased with her success.

Under a fine spreading ash, that stood upon the green, a band of itinerant musicians had

stationed themselves, and were performing a variety of popular melodies, while the company that the music had assembled, walked upon the turf. Pleased with the music, many of the children were dancing on the grass; some in circles, others alone or in pairs.

"There," said Adoxa, "are some happy creatures. Observe those little children, how easy, and even graceful, their movements; how smiling they look, what power the music has over them. How natural their gestures, compared with those of the dancing girls we just now beheld. It is quite charming to see them. Let us rest here a few minutes; the scene delights me."

As they watched the little dancers, a poor Scotchman, with a bagpipe, accompanied by a meagre-looking child, begged their charity. "I am going back to the Highlands," said he; "my house has lately been destroyed by fire, and all I had is burnt. I try to get a few pence by playing upon these pipes as I go, and stopped here, but this fine band will not let my music be heard—take pity on a poor traveller." "You have a long way to go, indeed," returned Adoxa, "here is a trifle to help you on the road," "Here," said Lucy to the child, "these cakes will keep you from being hungry a little while. I wish I had not eaten so many of them."

"Not every one who visits a fair is happy, you can already perceive, Sarah," said Adoxa; "it is a place whither the poor and unfortunate often resort to seek relief, and we have met with two persons who seem really distressed." Anna and her sister felt somewhat ashamed, that they had nothing to bestow, and were not much disposed to renew the subject, for they had exhausted their purse in buying toys. Adoxa then led them round the green, and having amused themselves for a long time, she proposed to return. "You have bought nothing for yourself," said Anna.

Adoxa. I have purchased a work-basket, you know.

Anna. Why did you take two; I think there were many other things far better than these.

Adoxa. None that pleased me so well. My other basket will be sent to Maria; she will like it, for we have been here together. Besides, the basket is extremely pretty; and were it not, Maria will prefer it to any thing more costly, when she knows that I bought them to help a poor industrious person.

Anna. But why would you not buy something else.

Adoxa. I gave the poor Scotchman the money that I had intended to expend in pur-

chasing a new purse, therefore, I shall make the old one last yet longer. It is a sad thing to have a long journey in prospect, without money or friends to assist one. I had much rather bear the sight of this old purse, than the recollection, that I refused a trifling aid to that half-starved little boy.

Sarah. I wish there was a fair every week.

Adoxa. We should soon be tired, if that were the case. I like the excursion to Eaton very well; but this fine walk in the open fields, with the view of the setting sun, is preferable to me.

Lucy. You make me think of Eltruda, in the lines that I learned by heart, because we thought them so pretty.

Adoxa. Will you let me hear them?

Lucy. "Eltruda, o'er the verdant mead
Would haste, at closing day,
And to the bleating mother lead
The lamb that chanc'd to stray.

"For the bruis'd insect on the waste,
A sigh would heave her breast;
And oft her careful hand replac'd
The linnet's falling nest.

"To her, sensations calm as these,
Could sweet delight impart;
These simple pleasures most can please
The uncorrupted heart.

"Soft as the dews of morn arise,
And on the pale flower gleam;
So soft Eltruda's melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

"As drest in charms, the lonely flower
Smiles in the desert vale;
With beauty gilds the morning hour,
And scents the evening gale;

"So liv'd in solitude, unseen,
This lovely, peerless maid;
So grac'd the wild, sequester'd scene,
And blossom'd in the shade.

"Her virtues every charm improv'd,
Or made those charms more dear;
For surely virtue to be lov'd,
Has only to appear."

Adoxa. The verses are very pretty, my dear Lucy, and you have repeated them with much propriety; I mean, as if you understood the sense of the lines.

Lucy. Mrs. Orme explained every word that I did not quite know the meaning of, and I understand the comparison between Eltruda and the lonely flower.

Adoxa. I should be obliged to Mrs. Orme for a copy of the verses.

Anna. Oh, Miss Milne, pray let me write them for you; indeed I am able now: Mrs. Orme said I am very much improved.

Adoxa. You give me great pleasure, Anna; pray transcribe the lines at your leisure. What is the matter with Sarah, I have not heard her voice for a long time?

Sarah. I do not know how to walk, I have a very bad pain in my head.

Adoxa. I fear you have eaten too many cakes and sweatmeats.

Anna. She has none left, I declare, of that large bag-full!

Adoxa. Well, another time I hope she will remember that moderation is always necessary. We shall soon be at home; she must bear the pain with patience. Half the quantity would have caused no inconvenience, and I regret that the remainder was not bestowed on the little child that received Lucy's gift so eagerly. Sarah's pleasure would not thus have been diminished by sickness, and on recollecting Eaton fair, she would have remembered the good action of bestowing part of her possessions, rather than the bad headach that obliged her to retire to rest on her return home.

James. I can see the willow tree in Mr. Milne's garden; we have very little way to walk now.

Lucy. There, they are coming to meet us: will you run, James?

Adoxa. Yes; run forwards, and say we are following quickly.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Neglected Nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves, her flow'rs,
She loses all her influence."

AUTUMN arrived; the varied colours of the fading groves afforded a new scene of amusement, and the children were charmed to find that the redbreast renewed his music, to cheer the declining year.

They collected seeds of the several plants that had pleased them whilst in blossom, and saw, with surprise, the promise of another spring, ere the winter had even approached.

"The trees are still very beautiful," said Anna; "I can distinguish most of them by their leaves."

Mrs. O. Cowper has given us a catalogue of trees; it is not very copious, but they are accurately described. I will read the lines to you.

"No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar. Paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm:
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long surviving oak.
Some glossy leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific; and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours. Nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire;
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours
bright."

Anna. That is very pretty: we know all that are mentioned.

Sarah. Pray read another passage. The sun shines sweetly upon the arbour; shall we sit down a little while?

Mrs. O. Willingly. The poet held cruelty in abhorrence: his sentiments on the subject will please you.

Mrs. O, (reads.)

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail

That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
—So, when held within their proper bounds,
And, guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
And harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too."

As Mrs. Orme concluded, Adoxa approached.

"Will you not all rejoice with me," she said, "when I tell you that I am exceedingly, and indeed, unexpectedly happy?"

Mrs. O. Of that you need not doubt; but let me hear the cause.

Adoxa.. The death of a relation, leaves Maria's uncle in possession of a large estate, which is not far distant from this place. He intends to quit Derbyshire, and reside near us,

that he may superintend the improvements which are to be made. Imagine my joy when I received this intelligence.

Mrs. O. I do indeed congratulate you, Adoxa: you deserve to be happy.

Anna. Nor will you be obliged to leave us, and take those long journies.

Adoxa. My father and mother are much pleased with the prospect of Mr. H's removal, for he is an old acquaintance, and on my account, particularly so. I believe I am sometimes of a little service to my father, and for that reason I do not wish to leave him; but he is too well acquainted with the human mind, together with the human frame, not to esteem it just that innocent pleasure should mingle with more serious occupation. I have often been urged to gratify myself according to my wishes, but never, since I have been deemed a reasonable and accountable being, have I been opposed or prevented, in any harmless scheme that I may have imagined. You will perceive, that any alteration which shall prevent me from remaining long absent, must also add to my happiness. But I have forgotten myself, I interrupt you with this long detail: what were you about?

Mrs. O. The poet Cowper is become a favourite with us. Anna finds some passages

very intelligible, and all are pleased with his humanity.

Anna. Ah! it will not be long before the cold weather will prevent us from reading in the garden. We shall soon lose our green trees and flowers: nothing in the country will be worth looking at in winter.

Adoxa. Yet the poet we have just mentioned, has given us many descriptions of winter, as accurate as they are beautiful.

Mrs. O. Every season brings its peculiar pleasures. One that I have in view, will, I think, gratify you. Skipping has of late become a favourite exercise, in which Mrs. Jones's two nieces will join you.

Adoxa. And Maria's cousin may perhaps be allowed to make a third.

Mrs. O. Thus, when you have the company of these little girls, one agreeable mode of passing the time will be provided, and the exercise will prove beneficial to your health.

Adoxa. I think, Anna, that with skipping, drawing, and reading, long walks in fine weather, and the hopes of returning spring, we shall contrive to pass the winter tolerably well.

Anna. I do not like the cold weather.

Mrs. O. In other climates we should find something to complain of, I fear. For instance, in Lapland you would wish to enjoy the sun's light constantly, as in England; but incoun-

tries far to the north, we could behold it only for a few months in the year.

Anna. I suppose that few trees and plants will grow in those cold climates.

Mrs. O. Vast forests of pine and fir are common in the north; mosses, and a large variety of fungi, spread over the rocks of Lapland and Finland. In summer, vegetation is very rapid: when the ice and snow are dissolved, the meadows become green in a few days.

Anna. I prefer a warm country, where the trees are always in leaf, and flowers are never scarce.

Mrs. O. Warm climates are not without inconveniences, although they are every where compensated by innumerable benefits. In Italy, and the south of France, a wind called the sirocco is common. It is fatal to vegetables, and often injurious to the human frame.

Sarah. We have no siroccos here, Anna, though the lightning does frighten me a little sometimes.

Mrs. O. The storms which we experience in these temperate latitudes, are nothing when compared with those that take place in hot countries, where hurricanes destroy the labours of a whole year. The strongest trees are torn up by the root; fields of sugar-canes are whirled in the air, nor is any building strong

enough to afford a shelter from the storm. Can the rigour of an English winter equal this?

Adoxa. The *samiel*, or mortifying wind, seems to me very terrible. It is felt by those who pass through the deserts of Bagdat. At its approach, the camels instinctively bury their noses in the sand, and travellers throw themselves as close as possible to the ground, till the wind has passed by, which is generally in a few minutes. If they are struck by it, their limbs will be so mortified that they come asunder.

Lucy. I never saw a camel.

Mrs. O. It is a large animal, used instead of the horse, for carrying burdens, in the countries of Asia. It is capable of living many days without drinking water, and is peculiarly fitted for travelling over dry, sandy deserts, where there is great difficulty in procuring water.

Adoxa. I have heard my father say, that the stomach of the camel is well known to contain large quantities of water. A number of distinct bags have been observed, which the animal is able to fill, and the fluid remains wholly unchanged. The camel possesses the power of squeezing back the water into the stomach, whenever thirst inclines it to put the power in action.

Anna. Well, perhaps I shall like the country in winter better than I imagine. I should not be very happy in those places that Mrs. Orme has mentioned.

Mrs. O. I speak of these terrors, only to prove to you, that every where the dissatisfied may find something to complain of. The countries in which such storms take place, are rich in Nature's gifts, and thonsands live happily there. If England has chill winds, and a variable climate, Italy has its sirocco, and the West Indies the hurricane and the tornado.

Adoxa. Yes, the means of happiness are ours at all seasons; and what is more pleasant, than to have the society of those agreeable to us, in the winter. I expect to enjoy it in perfection this year. Nay, we shall often realize the poet's description of a winter evening, I hope.

Anna. When will your friend arrive?

Adoxa. In two months she will be here.

Lucy. You seem so glad, that I think even you will not always *command your thoughts*, as Mrs. Orme told me we should, and go on with our employments, notwithstanding any pleasure is in view.

Adoxa. I cannot promise that I shall be so firm, my dear Lucy, but I have frequently found that my business is rather assisted than

hindered by any agreeable prospect. It gives me activity: I enjoy the anticipation of happiness, that I have every reason to believe will not disappoint my hopes, but rather exceed them.

Mrs. O. When the mind is weighed down with grief and disappointment, such as none who have never felt can imagine, it is *then* particularly that self-command becomes an arduous task. Pleasurable sensations illumine every passing occurrence, but heavy sorrow throws a gloom over the mind, and it requires no small share of energy to rouse our attention to common circumstances. Adoxa, my dear friend! may you be preserved from the grief that requires such efforts.

Adoxa. Forgive me if I say, that an example has not been wanting to me.

Mrs. O. No more.—Will you read to us the Winter Evening?

Adoxa. Certainly; and then I must be gone.

Adoxa, (reads.)

" O, Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss, with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd, by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know."

I cannot stay to make any comments upon my author now; my father will want me to turn the electrical machine, and then we are going to look at a pleasant habitation that we think may suit Mr. H. Farewell till to-morrow.

Sarah. Oh dear! Miss Milne promised to show me a way to make water boil, when it is not upon the fire.

Mrs. O. You must not recall her, my dear, I will tell you the method.

Sarah. That will be the same to me.

Mrs. O. A glass phial is to be half filled with boiling water, and tightly corked. The water is then at rest; but pour a little cold water upon the upper part of the vessel, and it will begin to boil again. Pour some hot water, and it will cease; add cold, and it will boil again. This may be done several times.

Anna. That is very curious: let us procure a phial, and try immediately if we can cause water to boil in this way.

Mrs. O. Be careful how you put the boiling water into the phial: heat it first by the fire.

Anna. We will be very careful.

CHAPTER XV.

THE month of November proved unusually cold and gloomy, but its dark days and clouded skies, had little influence upon the friendly circle at W———, enlivened by the recent arrival of Mr. H.'s family from Derbyshire. The joyful Adoxa had exerted herself to prepare them a comfortable abode; she executed their commissions, and sought to prevent even their wishes.

She was frequently accompanied by her two pupils, who saw with surprise, how many articles are needful to the comfort and convenience of a house.

The little school found liberal benefactors; and an able instructor in Maria. The children now attended Mrs. Orme thither, and employed themselves in learning from Mrs. Norman to knit and spin; for their kind friend had convinced them, that it is best to acquire the power of doing every thing that is useful.

Discontent and ill-humour were, in a great measure, banished from the minds of Anna and her sister; they grew active and intelligent, and Mrs. Orme began to look forward to futurity with some pleasure. From Mr. Hanway she had once received letters, which informed her of his increasing prosperity, and precarious state of health. She sometimes recalled the idea of their father, to the minds of her adopted children; but his severity to them, added to the trifling portion of his society that they ever enjoyed, had left but an unfavourable impression, and she at length ceased to mention him, judging it better that such impressions should be entirely obliterated.

To the study of geography, Mrs. Orme now added that of grammar and the Latin language. By explaining clearly the sense of the short rules that were committed to memory, and giving familiar examples, she dissipated the dislike that the elder girls had imbibed; and with Lucy, she soon succeeded in teaching the uses of adjectives, pronouns, and verbs.

The hopes of Adoxa were not disappointed; frequently, at the house of her parents or of her friends, she enjoyed all the pleasure of "long, uninterrupted evening." Sometimes Mr. Milne gave his young friends a lecture upon natural philosophy, while the children listened with

attention, and early imbibed a love for pursuits so interesting.

"Dear Ma'am," said Anna, as they were one evening awaiting the arrival of Adoxa, "we have not yet travelled over the earth, as you said we might do, if we were clever at geography." "Well then," replied Mrs. Orme, "we will put the project into execution to-night; open the door for Miss Milne, and enquire if she has any objection."

"I shall be your travelling companion with great pleasure," said Adoxa, as she entered the room; "I hope you are all ready to give me information concerning the extraordinary things we may meet with on the way.

Sarah. Oh, you must be our guide.

Adoxa. You will find me rather a loquacious one, I fear, and when I am deficient in information, your good friend must supply me.

James. What have you in that paper.

Adoxa. A gift from Maria, which I am to present, with her hopes that it will please you all.

Anna. It is a little picture, drawn with Indian ink.

Adoxa. I believe there is also a little note.

Lucy. Oh, no, only a slip of plain white paper.

Adoxa. This is a representation of Maria's former dwelling, and the view beyond it. The

winter scene will hardly please Anna so much as the gay green of spring or summer.

Anna. Oh, I do not much mind the winter now.

Adoxa. My dear Lucy, how cold your hands are; let us draw a little nearer to the fire.

Sarah. Why, the sky of the piece is blue! I did not perceive that before.

Anna. What is all this! now the trees are green, so is the grass in the meadow.

James. This looks like a river.

Anna. It is: on the banks are blue and yellow flowers.

Sarah. The drawing in Indian ink is changed to a painting; how beautiful!

Adoxa. Mrs. Orme may wish to see the wonderful picture, she is gone into the next room.

James, (returning.) Oh, Miss Milne, before I had given the picture to Mrs. Orme, all the colours went away; it looks as when we first opened the paper.

Anna. I know the cause. Part of the landscape is drawn in colours that require warmth to make them seen.

"Very well guessed," said Mrs. Orme, drawing near to Anna; "try again, however, and ascertain the fact, before you pronounce so positively."

"You perceive now that you judged right," said Adoxa, after a pause, during which the colouring of the piece became visible, and disappeared, as it approached, or was held at a distance, from the fire.

"When Maria gave me the paper, she said, with a smile, 'I have written a note.'"

Anna. This blank paper must be the note.

Mrs. O. Is it not possible the warmth of the fire might assist you?

Lucy. Do you know, Miss Milne?

Adoxa. I have no concern in this affair, but I am acquainted with the art of producing these appearances.

Anna. I cannot perceive any traces of writing.

Adoxa. Put the paper close to the fire.

Sarah. Now it begins to appear.

Lucy. Oh, the writing is quite black in some parts.

Anna. I can read it.

Dear Children,

Receive, by the hand of Adoxa, a little drawing in *sympathetic ink;* you may produce winter and summer at pleasure, by warming or cooling the paper. She can explain the mystery to you, and the materials for making a similar experiment, are at your service.

M. H.

Anna. Sympathetic ink! I shall be very glad to learn how it is made.

Adoxa. This billet is written with a solution of sal ammoniac, which is consumed by the heat of the fire, and remains in the form of charcoal upon the paper.

Anna. What is it made of?

Adoxa. Sal ammoniac is formed of an acid called muriatic, and of the volatile alkali. My father taught you the names of the three alkalies.

Anna. I recollect: the volatile alkali is called ammonia.

Adoxa. This, combined with muriatic acid, forms sal ammoniac.

Sarah. But the coloured ink?

Adoxa. The yellow flowers are painted with a solution of copper, previously combined with muriatic acid. The green and blue colours are produced by other solutions of cobalt.

Anna. What is cobalt?

Adoxa. A metal which formerly was procured from Germany, but it is now found in the Mendip Hills in Somersetshire.

Anna. I wish we had some.

Adoxa. Cobalt, prepared by melting and other processes, is of great use. The fine blue figures upon your tea-cup are drawn with it; and powder blue, which, I dare say, you are well acquainted with, as a useful article in the laundry, is formed of this metal.

Anna. There is another kind of blue.

Adoxa. That is a vegetable substance, properly called indigo, prepared from a genus of plants of the Diadelphia class. Indigo comes from America. The plants are said to resemble scorpion senna, which, indeed, will yield a dye nearly equal to indigo.

Anna. And what is soap made of?

Adoxa. It is composed of tallow and alkali. The tallow serves to moderate the sharpness of the alkali, and prevent it from injuring the hands of those who use it. The alkali gives the soap its cleansing quality, and renders it soluble in water. Spanish barilla (which is soda) is generally used.

After tea a large map of the world was placed upon the table; the children drew their chairs round, and Adoxa assuming a grave air, expressed her hopes that they should derive benefit from their long excursion.

Mrs. O. As the different places are named, every one must ascertain them. We will in general speak by turns, and notice, as far as we are able to recollect, every thing that is remarkable concerning the countries we shall pass through. As this is your first attempt, I do not expect that you will have much to relate. Whence do you intend to depart, Adoxa?

Adoxa. From London. I will sail down the Thames. Anna must look at the Tower,

built by William the Norman, afterwards the scene of many wicked deeds, and the prison of many virtuous characters.

Mrs. O. At the mouth of the Thames is Tilbury Fort; here Queen Elizabeth reviewed the army that she had assembled to oppose the Spaniards.

James. This river falls into the British Ocean. It rises in Gloucestershire.

Anna. We pass the point of land called the North Foreland, then we are in the Downs, a road for shipping. I must visit Dover, where the Romans first landed, while the cliffs above were covered with troops, who bravely opposed Cæsar and his legions.

Sarah. Further on, towards the west, is Pevensey, in Sussex, where William the Norman landed. In a plain, near Hastings, he fought and conquered Harold.

Mrs. O. Very well. I am pleased to find you remember what you read.

Lucy. Let us cross the English Channel, and visit France. Here is the Seine.

Adoxa. Take care of the bar.

Lucy. What is that?

Adoxa. A mountain of water, produced by the tides, which force their way from the sea, up the Seine, and make it flow backwards. It is heard from a very great distance, especially

in the night time. They call it the bar, because it obstructs the course of the river. This bar is followed by a second still more elevated. They run much faster than a horse at full speed.

Mrs. O. A similar circumstance takes place at the mouth of the Severn. The tides of St. George's Channel, meeting with those of the Atlantic, enter the mouths of the Severn and its tributary streams with a rapid influx, and roll in with a lofty head.

Anna. Paris is the chief city of France, it is built on the Seine.

Adoxa. You may procure plenty of gypsum near Paris, for the hills are composed of this salt: hence its name, plaster of Paris. The busts in my father's study are formed of it.

Lucy. I will search for the silver weed, that is found on the banks of the Seine in great abundance.

Anna. Here also is the botanical garden. I will see the paper mulberry, that the native of Otaheite rejoiced to behold.

Sarah. The Marne joins the Seine near Paris.

James. That river rises in Burgundy; and Burgundy has the finest vineyards in France. In Normandy, the apple-tree flourishes.

Mrs. O. You have something to say concerning the Loire.

Lucy. It rises in Languedoc, and runs a great way.

Adoxa. Four hundred and thirty miles.

Anna. We go on to Lyons. Here the Saone and Rhone unite. The first comes from the Vosges Mountains, and the second from Switzerland, running through the Lake of Geneva.

Adoxa. In Provence we find excellent olives, from which oil is extracted. Here, also, are figs, oranges, and lemons. Before we leave the Rhone, I must notice the *valisneria*, which grows in that river, and bears its flowers on a spiral stem, which lengthens or contracts according to the depth of the stream.

Mrs. O. I proceed to Montpelier: we visit the botanic garden, instituted under Henry the Fourth of France.

Adoxa. As English people, we take an interest in seeing the grave of our country-woman, the daughter of a celebrated poet, who is interred there, under the shade of trees.

Anna. What poet?

Mrs. O. One with whom you are unacquainted, Dr. Young.

James. Now we are going to cross the Pyrenees, and enter Spain, where we shall find forests of cork-trees. The cork that we use, is the bark of the tree.

Anna. These mountains extend from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

Mrs. O. Here are aloes, wild pomegranates, oranges, lemons, corn, and flax. The sheep produce the finest wool.

Anna. The Douro rises in the hills of Castile, and the Ebro comes from Asturias.

Sarah. The Tagus rises in Spain, though Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is built on its banks.

Adoxa. The Mondego is the most considerable river of that country. It is said, that the gum cistus, when in flower, whitens the landscape for miles around.

Mrs. O. We must pass by Alicant and Carthagena, where the marine plant, barilla, grows in great perfection. Here is Cordova. Near this city there is a mountain of salt, said to be five hundred feet high, and nearly three miles in circumference.

James. I go on to the Straits of Gibraltar. I must endeavour to see the swallows, for Mrs. Orme told me they pass that way to Africa.

Mrs. O. At present the names of Cordova and Grenada are uninteresting, and we pass these once-celebrated cities unnoticed, until you are better acquainted with past times.

Lucy. I should be glad to see the rivers Senegal and Gambia in Africa, but I am afraid

to pass over the range of mountains called Atlas, for the lion dwells there.

Anna. You might obtain plenty of dates and almonds, but the people are fierce, and the Algerines may perhaps seize and imprison you.

Adoxa. Let us sail to Madeira. Now you may find flowers that are nursed in English green-houses, growing wild in the fields. Strawberries, peaches, plums, and figs, are found in profusion on the mountains. Grapes are of a very large size, and of a peculiar flavour. There is also a kind of pear, not bigger than a walnut. The cedar-tree is also found in great abundance; most of the ceilings and furniture of Madeira are made of this wood, which yields a fragrant smell.

Mrs. O. If we remain much longer at Madeira, I fear our fellow travellers will be so charmed, that they will have no inclination to see the native country of the Canary-bird.

James. There are the islands; and I see the Peak of Teneriffe.

Sarah. Do not stop at the Cape Verd Islands, I wish to steer towards those of America. Here are Barbadoes and Granada.

Lucy. We shall find the little humming-bird upon the orange-trees.

Anna. I will purchase some vessels made

of the calabash, that the natives use instead of pails, to carry water.

Sarah. The plantations of sugar-canes and coffee must be visited. We may also procure pods full of cotton.

Adoxa. Here you may find many species of *capsicum*, as the bell pepper, from the fruit of which Cayenne pepper is made. A plant, called the *water lianne*, is common on the parched rocks of these islands; it is so full of sap, that if a single branch of it is cut, as much water issues as a person can take at a draught, perfectly pure and limpid.

James. I wish to see South America, and the largest river in the world—the mighty Amazon.

Mrs. O. You are not disposed then, to sail northwards, to land in North America, and see the native country of the potatoe and the tobacco plant, or to search for the bird-fly in Florida, and the *dionœa muscipula* in the marshy grounds?

Lucy. Pray let us hear about them.

Mrs. O. Point out Florida. You have it. In this country the *bignonia* grows; it is a climbing plant, which finds its way to the top of the highest trees. The bird-fly builds its nest in one of the leaves, which he rolls into the form of a cornet: he finds food in the flowers, resembling those of the foxglove. The *dionœa*

bears little leaves spread over with a sugary liquor, resembling manna, and studded with sharp prickles. When a fly perches on one of these leaves, they instantly close with a spring, and the fly is caught. But we must beware of the rattle-snake.

Adoxa. As we cannot cross the northern part of the continent, I must notice a remarkable singularity respecting the capital of Mexico. There it is. The city is situated in a lake, to which access is given by narrow pathways. In this lake we might see the floating islands, formed artificially of willows, and other aquatics, twisted together, covered with earth, and cultivated as gardens. They are moved from place to place, and supply the markets with flowers and vegetables.

Lucy. Oh, how I should delight to have such a garden.

Mrs. O. I thought so. But we have been a long time in the Atlantic Ocean: here is the mouth of the Cronooko.

Anna. This river overflows periodically. The natives then dwell on the tops of trees, where they find food and safety.

James. Now the Amazon.

Sarah. We are just under the line, where the sun is directly over-head twice in the year.

Adoxa, Which way does our shadow then fall at noon?

Sarah. I must think.

Lucy. We cannot see any shadow.

Adoxa. Very right. We will now pass over to Peru.

Anna. Here are the Andes, whose tops are always covered with snow. Most of the rivers in South America rise in these mountains.

Sarah. Gold and silver mines are found in them.

Adoxa. Quicksilver, also, is found here. There is a mine in Peru, of immense depth: streets, squares, and a chapel, are built in it, and thousands of torches are continually burning to enlighten it.

James. And bark comes from Peru: I mean the bark that is taken in fevers.

Anna. Balsam of Peru also distils from a little tree.

Lucy. I must not forget the nasturtium, which is a cress found on the banks of rivers; it is called the nun of Peru.

Mrs. O. We are near the shores of the Pacific Ocean: here we embark, and having crossed the tropic of Capricorn, beyond which the sun never advances southward, we reach Cape Horn.

Adoxa. This is a region of tempests. I proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, and there also we must expect to meet with storms.

Anna. Here we shall find a variety of heaths

and geraniums; they grow naturally on the sides of hills.

Mrs. O. Plants from the Cape constitute the chief splendour of the green-house.

James. The ostrich lives in the country near the Cape.

Sarah. We are in the Indian Ocean, let us advance to the Maldivia Islands, where the cocoa-tree grows more beautifully than in any other place. The inhabitants build vessels of its timber, its leaves are formed into a sail, the fibres that surround the fruit are twisted into cordage, and a cargo of cocoa-nuts is the lading.

Lucy. What a useful tree! Now we come to Ceylon, and may visit the cinnamon plantations.

Sarah. Cinnamon is the bark of a tree.

James. There are elephants in Ceylon, and here, at last, we meet with the talipot-tree.

Adoxa. A species of thorn grows in this island, that is used to defend the passes in the mountains. It is a species of *opuntia*, I believe, which is common under the torrid zone. These plants are armed with prickles, so strong that they pierce the soles of the shoe, if any one ventures to walk over them. Not a tiger, lion, or elephant, dares to approach the plant.

Anna. We are near the peninsula of India,

I will sail up the bay of Bengal and land; there are many curiosities that I wish to see.

Sarah. Here is the Ganges, which comes from the mountains of Thibet.

Mrs. O. Mention the other large rivers of India.

Sarah. The Burrampooter rises at a little distance from the Ganges: its course is fourteen hundred miles.

James. The Indus runs a thousand miles.

Adoxa. The Kistna is a sacred river of the Hindoos.

Anna. The fig-tree of the Banians is very remarkable; it grows even on the burning sand, throwing from the extremity of its branches, a multitude of shoots, which drop into the ground, take root, and form around the main trunk, a great number of arcades.

Lucy. On the banks of the Indian rivers we may see the bamboo. Mr. Milne showed me a piece of one.

Adoxa. We may here mention the Asiatic acacia, which bears no prickles upon its branches, but exactly at the place where the tree begins to branch off, there is a belt of large thorns, in several rows, ten or twelve inches long, forming a complete rampart of spikes.

Mrs. O. Rice grows in great abundance

in the swamps by the Ganges. It is a principal article of food among the Hindoos.

Adoxa. Amid the miry morasses of India, the huge rhinoceros lives. He is endued with the power of extending or swelling out the numerous folds of his skin, to prevent himself from sinking into the morass, where he digs up, with his horny snout, the long roots of the bamboo.

Lucy. Golconda! Oh, the diamond comes from that kingdom.

Anna. Before we depart, let us purchase some attar of roses.

Sarah. And gum lac, to make sealing-wax. Mrs. Orme told me that the substance is deposited upon the branches of trees, by an ant peculiar to the East Indies.

Mrs. O. One city only is as yet interesting to you. Point out the capital of Bengal.

Lucy. There is Calcutta. Ah! my father lives in that city. What a great way he is from us.

Mrs. O. Some time hence, you shall read an account of the country where your father resides, then you will have an idea of his situation.

Anna. I wish my father would write to us about the trees and plants of India.

Mrs. O. Suppose you address a letter to him, and ask for information. I do not sup-

pose that he can tell you much on the subject, for he is chiefly in the city; but you might ascertain in what manner the children and young people of Calcutta pass their time, the amusements that they prefer, and the degree of intelligence that they possess.

Anna. I should be glad to know all this. I have plenty of time to write a letter.

Adoxa. I believe we must proceed through the Eastern Ocean to China, and then rest till another evening allows us to travel through Persia, and reach the banks of the Euphrates, the native spot of the weeping willow.

James. Here is New Guinea. I wanted to go there and see the famous birds of Paradise that are chiefly found in this island. They feed on wild nutmegs too, and the shores are lined with cocoa-trees.

Adoxa. The Chinese are unwilling to admit strangers into their cities, but we are very harmless travellers; I must fancy that we are suffered to view their country. I will have a bird's nest for supper.

Lucy. You cannot catch me; I know the Chinese eat them. They are made of sea-weed.

Adoxa. Well then, we will go up the hills and convince ourselves that there are two species of the tea-plant. We must also witness the process of drying the leaves, and furnish our-

selves with some of the best kind to present Maria on our return; and a branch of the shrub in blossom, will be very acceptable, I think.

Mrs. O. Thence I will lead you to the burial-grounds. The Chinese make them enchanting spots. They place them in the vicinity of their cities, in grottos dug out of the sides of hills; they decorate them with architecture, and plant around groves of cypress and fir, intermingled with trees that bear flowers and fruits.

Adoxa. One singular plant I must mention. It consists of a root two feet in length, pricked over with holes, and adhering to the branch of a tree by a number of filaments. It sends out twelve great leaves in the form of a heart, and and lets fall from the top of the tree where it grows, a very strong cordage, which takes root on reaching the ground. The plant itself emits no scent, but this cordage smells strongly of garlic. It is called the false root of China.

Mrs. O. Here we leave off for to-night. Let us see the state of the weather before you depart.

Anna. Oh, Miss Milne! what a pretty scene this is from our window by moonlight; but the wind blows winterly among the branches of the old ash.

Adoxa. I comfort myself with the lines of the poet; neither do I dislike the sound.

Lucy. Pray repeat them.

Adoxa.

"But let the months go round; a few short months,
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost."

And now farewell my dear young travellers; to-morrow evening we meet to hear my father read his evening lecture, remember. What a bright moon I have to light me home. Oh, with this warm covering to shield me, and the promise of another spring in my mind, I envy neither the vales of Madeira, nor the luxuries of India.

"She will soon reach home," said Anna, as she watched Adoxa out of sight.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMID the society of intelligent friends, and prospects of future happiness, Mrs. Orme and her young pupils beheld several years pass on in peace and useful occupation.

The early predilection that James had expressed for the profession of a surgeon, had strengthened as he increased in years. Mr. Milne at length expressed a wish to receive him into his house, and, after a course of study that should render him equal to the profession, to make him a partner, and finally leave him in possession of the business.

The death of Mrs. Milne was the first abatement of their happiness; and Lucy, then fourteen years of age, quitted Mrs. Orme to reside with Adoxa.

The loss of their worthy school-mistress was another cause of anxiety to the friends of the institution. They sought, and easily obtained a successor, who proved unfit for the office, and resigned her place to others equally de-

ficient in the requisite qualifications. In the mean time, Anna and Sarah exerted themselves to supply the place of an instructress; and perceiving that they were successful, proposed to undertake, alternately, the superintendance of the school.

"It is not," said Anna, (who in her twentieth year was noted for humility,) "it is not the degree of consequence or honour attached to an employment, that ought to influence us. We shall still possess every comfort, although we do not reside constantly under the roof that we have so long learned to love. The weekly exchange between Sarah and myself, will be a sufficient indemnification for any trouble we may experience: our friends will visit us, and they will, I hope, feel certain, that teachers are at length procured, in whom confidence may be securely placed.

"It is true, part of the knowledge we are acquiring, will not be of service to the children we have to instruct, but we love learning for the pleasure it affords; our understandings will be enlarged, and thus we may be better fitted to instil good principles into the minds of our pupils.

"Besides," continued she, "I have heard that the sisters of a certain religious order, gave up every gratification this life can afford, to attend the sick who were totally unknown to

them, whatever might be the disease or situation of the sufferer. Certainly, religion and benevolence prompted these sacrifices; they were probably our superiors in rank and fortune, and if they could give up every pleasure in order to do good, surely we need not esteem it a very arduous task, to undertake a useful office amid the society of our friends, and the possession of every enjoyment."

This proposal received warm approbation, the plan was adopted, and Mr. Milne offered the young housekeepers a more agreeable habitation near to himself and Mrs. Orme. Two girls were retained as servants to the instructress, who took great pains to initiate them into the several departments of household business.

As the young people became of age, Mrs. Orme delivered their property into their own hands. She had rarely expended the whole income, arising from the fortune that Mr. Hanway had committed to her charge, and with her wonted uprightness, she equally divided the sum that had accumulated.

An agreeable correspondence had been gradually formed between Mr. Hanway and his children; and at his death, (which occurred previously to Mr. Milne's proposal concerning

his son,) he bequeathed part of his ample possessions to them. A handsome legacy to the disinterested friend who had so ably supplied the loss of father and mother, gratified her, as she was thus better enabled to follow the benevolent dictates of her heart.

Mrs. Orme lived to an advanced age, beloved and respected by all around, and honoured by her adopted children, as the earthly cause of all their prosperity and happiness.

Adoxa and Maria, after the decease of their near relatives, became inmates of the same dwelling.

Lucy resided with her brother, whose integrity and professional skill, equalled that of his predecessor. Anna and Sarah continued the good office that they had assumed, divided their cares between their venerable friend, and the school that she had established.

THE END.

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